

FLIP FLAP FABLES



FRANK E. KELLOGG



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FLIP FLAP FABLES

A BUNCH OF

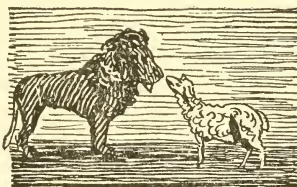
Twenty Seven Tales

concerning Animals of various kinds
from which may be deducted

MANY MORALS

—By—

FRANK E. KELLOGG



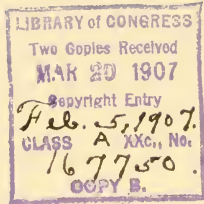
With Illustrations by LOUIS GRANT



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LISTEN

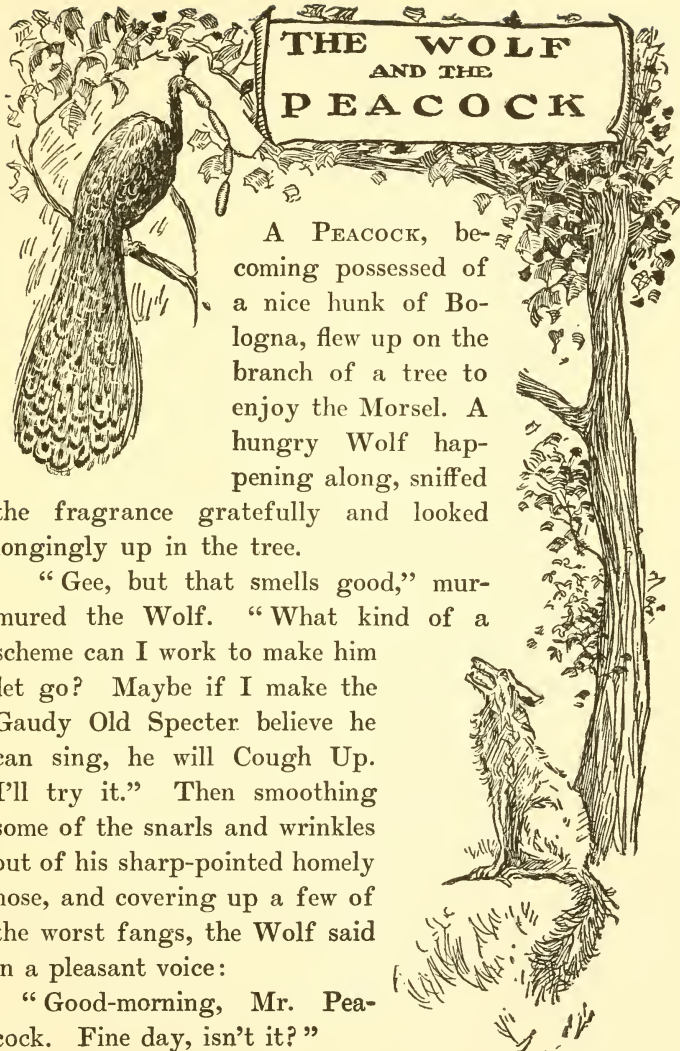
LEST the reader should clinch with the wrong idea, we rise to remark right here at the front door, that these fables were conceived, and many of them written, before the lights had been switched upon George Ade and other modern fable makers, or before they had even put up their entrance money, so far as we knew.

As one of the editors of a little country daily some years ago, we yearned to assist the people in their toil. So we wrote one of these fables, and watching a favorable opportunity, slammed it over to second and jumped behind a tree. No fatalities resulting, we repeated the dose several times, since when the fables have lain in the toning bath. But those few doses helped the morals of that burg greatly. In proof of which we cite the fact that since they were taken but seven people from the town have been sent to the penitentiary, and only three hanged. With a wider circle of readers, we trust that others will follow their example.

F. E. K.

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THE WOLF AND THE PEACOCK

A PEACOCK, becoming possessed of a nice hunk of Bologna, flew up on the branch of a tree to enjoy the Morsel. A hungry Wolf happening along, sniffed the fragrance gratefully and looked longingly up in the tree.

"Gee, but that smells good," murmured the Wolf. "What kind of a scheme can I work to make him let go? Maybe if I make the Gaudy Old Specter believe he can sing, he will Cough Up. I'll try it." Then smoothing some of the snarls and wrinkles out of his sharp-pointed homely nose, and covering up a few of the worst fangs, the Wolf said in a pleasant voice:

"Good-morning, Mr. Peacock. Fine day, isn't it?"

The Peacock looked down at the Wolf, but said nothing and hung on to the hunk of Bologna.

"I've been trying for over a year to get a chance to hear you sing. They say you have a perfectly lovely voice. Suppose you give us a couple of stanzas. Something from the Classics; "Hot Time in Old Town" will do. I've come seven miles this morning just on purpose to hear you sing. My wife happened to hear you once, and she doesn't talk about anything else but your beautiful voice. Now please don't disappoint me," and the Wolf squatted down on his haunches by a Stump, and looked up hungrily at the Bologna.

Now the Peacock was naturally very vain, and appreciated a good jolly as well as the next one. But he was an *Old* Peacock and had been the recipient of so many brickbats, clubs, dead cats, etc., thrown at him for the terrible racket he made in trying to sing, that the conceit in his musical abilities had been pretty well knocked out of him. So he tumbled at once that the Wolf was trying to work a Phony on him. He carefully laid the hunk of bologna in a convenient crotch of the tree and remarked cordially:

"Good-morning, Mr. Wolf. Tickled to death to see you. Why didn't you call before? So your wife thought I was something of a songster, eh? Well, I guess yes. When it comes to soothing the troubled air with music, I'm a whole orchestra. But of course a person must have an ear for music to appreciate fine work, and you are just the fellow that has it. Take a seat in that bunch of sand burrs, and I'll have you asleep in two minutes."

The Peacock then cleared his throat, and running the gamut two or three times with the soft pedal attachment, pulled out all of the stops and waded in. About the second toot he made with his horse fiddle of a voice every living thing within earshot humped themselves and started for Tall Timber. All but the Wolf. That party gritted his teeth and bravely stood his ground until the Peacock had sung a whole verse. By that time blood was oozing from the Wolf's ears, and the tears stood in his eyes, showing that he had lots of sand and wanted the Bologna very much. But when the Peacock paused a moment and inflated his chest with some more ozone, preparatory to letting off another blast, the Wolf wilted. Especially as he saw that the Peacock was dead wise to his game.

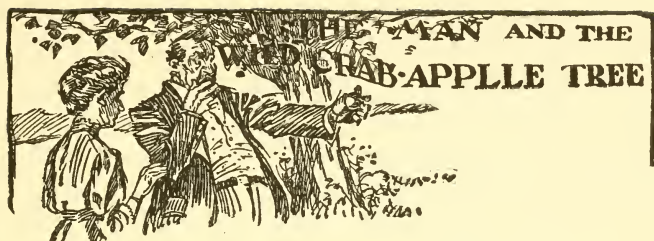
"I will not trouble you any more at present, Mr. Peacock," he said pleasantly; "you have the greatest voice I ever heard. I am perfectly bewildered, paralyzed. Your voice would make an elegant fire whistle. I would remain longer, but I have a family to support and must take care of my health. I will now return home and doctor up my ears, and if I recover from this dose, will probably return in four or five years and hear the next blast—pardon me, verse."

"That's all right, my son. This entertainment isn't costing you a cent. Here comes the hired man with a club, anyhow. He never gives me any peace when I try to warble a little. If you ever yearn for another song, or a piece of Bologna, just remember that we are still doing business at the old stand." And the Peacock

reached up and took a nibble from his lunch, while the Wolf trotted sadly home.

MORAL

Learn a lesson from the bright-hued, sweet-voiced Peacock. When you get hold of a good thing, don't let some cross-eyed sucker jolly you up into letting go of it.



A MAN was once walking along a lane in the spring-time, when suddenly he sniffed the most delightful odor. Following it up, he came to a Wild Crab-Apple Tree.

"At last," he cried, "I have found what I have long been seeking: a luscious apple. For I will wager that blossoms giving off such delightful fragrance, will mature into the finest fruit."

So he hired men, teams, and derricks, and at an expense of seventy-eight dollars, had the Wild Crab-Apple Tree transplanted to his own yard.

In the fall he went out to the tree, and picking one of his seventy-eight-dollar apples, began eating it with Great Gusto.

But the first mouthful of Gusto threw him into convulsions and gave him a dose of lockjaw that lasted seven days, and the doctors had to pry open his mouth with a cold chisel to get soup into him, or he would have starved.

MORAL

Don't bank much on smells. An old farmer in blue overalls who smells like everything, is of more value to the world than a smoke-house full of pimple-headed dudes scented up with patchouly.



A LION that had grown old and feeble, one day crawled away to a secluded spot in the forest, where he hoped to die in peace, unmolested by the other animals.

But fate willed it otherwise, for a roaming, marauding band of Hyenas happened along, and soon discovered their former Lord's hiding-place. They soon saw that the once dreaded monarch was on his last legs, and could not harm them, so the big cowardly brutes took advantage of his weakness, and began to worry what little life was left out of the Old Fellow.



They circled around, laughing and nipping his legs with their sharp teeth, until the Lion begged them to kill him and end his misery.

"Nixy. Not on your tintype, Old Man," quoth the leader of the Hyenas. "It isn't every day we get a chance to have a little fun with a Lion and we mean to play this game to the limit."

And the pack all laughed with ghoulish glee, and danced and tumbled over each other, and nipped the Lion some more, always taking care, however, to keep away from their old Monarch's worn-out teeth.

Just when their riotous mirth was at its height, a terrible roar rent the air, and a Royal Bengal Tiger bounded in among them. The cowardly brutes disappeared in a twinkling.

"Thank you, my old friend. I knew if you were in the neighborhood you would never permit those terrible creatures to eat me. Your coming seems a direct interposition of Providence, and proves very plainly that those of royal blood were intended to care for each other," said the Lion, as tears of gratitude stood in his old eyes.

"The hand of Providence is indeed clearly shown in this case, for I haven't had a square meal in a week, and if you are in any kind of condition, you ought to furnish me four or five good meals," replied the Tiger, contemplating the old lion with a critical eye.

Thereupon he proceeded to end the old Monarch's troubles in short order.

"He is a little bit tough, but it's way ahead of Embalmed Beef," mused the Tiger a few minutes later, as

he was taking his first lunch. Thus we see, by the Tiger's opportune arrival, he not only saved his old friend from the terrible Hyenas, but also secured a week's board for himself.

MORAL

Nothing is so beautiful as true friendship in time of need.



AN Adolescent Youth was once piloting a Sweet Young Thing through the park a short time subsequent to the disappearance of the Orb of Day. Pilot-ing this particular Sweet Young Thing around over the landscape was the Adolescent Youth's long suit. It was an inexpensive amusement, also. They were away from the stores, and as the A. Y. didn't smoke, a cent's worth of Gum, which the S. Y. T. chewed industriously between hugs, was ample for the evening's entertainment.

The S. Y. T. never tumbled that the A. Y. was getting off cheap. She was too far gone to tumble to anything. Ditto the A. Y. And so they walked, and talked, and lally-gagged, and rubbed noses, and dreamed.

The twilight of a summer evening was softly stealing over a drowsy world; the cricket band were tuning their instruments, preparatory to entering upon the nightly serenade; while the robin's evening lullaby hushed the voice of busy care. As the robin paused to gather in more ozone for a final burst of melody, a sweet girlish voice broke the stillness:

"Ah, George, dear, how happy we are, now that ma

has given her consent to our marriage. She thought at first I was too young. The idea!"

The A. Y.'s short, thin mustache swung around in juxtaposition to the speaker's nose, which appeared to be burrowing among the few straggling hairs that adorned his upper Lip.

A sound like the pulling of several diminutive beer bottle corks floated off into space, and then the A. Y.'s head readjusted itself to a normal position as he said:

"You are a sensible darling, Amy. We will be married just as soon as I can rent a cottage. I know of one I think can be had for eight dollars a month; and, fortunately, my salary was raised last month."

"How much do you get now, George?" asked Amy, nestling her head upon the A. Y.'s coat collar with a sigh of content.

"Six dollars a week," answered George proudly.

"Six dollars a week," echoed Amy in amazement. "You must be mistaken. You mean six dollars a month."

"No; I don't. I mean six dollars a week," asserted George stoutly.

"Is it possible? Why, that is more money than I ever saw in my life; I wouldn't know what to do with it," said the S. Y. T. in astonishment.

"I suppose it would bewilder you at first. But after one gets accustomed to handling large sums of money, he thinks nothing of it. You know I haven't been at the Top of the Ladder always. I worked for a long time at two dollars a week. Now, besides my salary, I have Forty-Seven Dollars saved up to begin housekeep-

ing with. So you see we are pretty well fixed compared with some young folks."

"Goodness, George! Is it possible you have so much money? Forty-Seven Dollars. Think of it. Why we can buy almost anything we want. Can't we? I will have caramels every day. I wonder if we had better get a solid silver tea set?" And the S. Y. T. seated herself upon a rustic bench, near a large, worldly-looking man.

The Adolescent Youth snuggled down by her side as he said:

"I am afraid that would be most too expensive. You know we don't want to spend all of our money to begin with. We must save something for a rainy day."

The Sweet Young Thing gazed in open-mouthed admiration for a moment while mentally grappling with this brilliant financiering scheme. Then she voluntarily investigated his incipient mustache with her nose, and clapped her hands with delight.

"Why, of course we must. I never thought of that. What a schemer you are, George! What we don't use we will put away some place. And I know where I can get the loveliest box for only three dollars. Just the thing to put our money in. And when it is full we will get another just like it, and I will decorate them. Won't it be nice to have a row of boxes full of money all decorated different shades, to show the neighbors when they drop in?"

In the exuberance of her joy the Sweet Young Thing once more mussed up the few hairs situated just south of the Adolescent Youth's nasal organ, after

which ceremony they cooed off through the Mellow Gloaming.

A deep, heartrending groan came from the other bench. Then all was still. The large, worldly-looking man had fainted.

MORAL

Always get married when you reach the top of the ladder. It is a duty you owe society.



A LION, whose family had for ages enjoyed the distinction of being King of Beasts, was one day roaming around with no special object in view except to amuse himself. In the course of his rambles the Lion chanced to meet a Striped Skunk.

Now, the mental machinery of the Lion, like all Kings, was governed by the first whim that seized it, and the nature of the whim depended entirely upon the mood he was in.

In the present instance, Leo was feeling pretty comfortable and good-natured, on account of having recently dined off of a dead steer, so he thought to have a little fun with the humble Skunk, just to pass away the time.

“Good-morning, my little friend. How do you stack up?” asked the Lion in a patronizing way.

“Oh, just middling,” replied the Striped Skunk respectfully, as it stood in great awe of the Lion on account of his majestic appearance.

“And how does the Skunk family flourish?—there, don’t come any closer, please. I can hear you, and you don’t smell any too lovely.”

“We get along pretty well, and generally get enough to eat if we skirmish real hard,” replied the Skunk, halting, as he was commanded.

“I suppose you lie awake nights, wishing you were a great, strong Lion with a powerful voice,” said the King of Beasts, swelling with pride and vanity.

“Well, to tell the truth, we are not much troubled with insomnia on that account,” replied the Striped Skunk quietly, scratching its left ear with the hind foot.

“We claim our family is as strong as any on earth.”

“What! A little Striped fool of a Skunk as strong as a Lion? I like that. You certainly have your nerve with you,” said the Lion contemptuously.

“If you don’t believe me, suppose we have a trial of strength right here and decide the question,” observed the Striped Skunk blandly.

“I hate to waste my time on such an insignificant animal, but I have an hour to spare before taking my nap. Who will referee this thing?” said the Lion, looking around inquiringly.

A passing Fox was hailed, and consented to act as judge.

When the contestants announced that they were ready, the Fox stepped off a few paces and said:

"I'll see that his Big Nibs puts up a square game, Skunky. My hole is handy, so I can leg it home ahead of him if he doesn't like my style of Umpiring. Play Ball. Lion to Bat, and Skunk on Deck."

Then the King of Beasts opened his face until the top of his head was almost an Island, and let out a Roar that shook the Hills.

The Striped Skunk clung to a Gooseberry Bush to keep from being blown into the Next County, and the Fox dug his toe-nails into a Jack Oak for the same reason.

"Suffering cats! But you *are* some on the Roar, ain't you? You've got a mouth big as a two-dollar Tub," gasped the Fox, when he could get his breath.

"Shucks. That's only a starter," said the Lion. And, seizing a log big around as a Rain Barrel, in his teeth, he lifted it clear from the ground.

The Fox was greatly amazed at this exhibition of strength. The affair looked so one-sided that he felt almost ashamed to referee it. He said pityingly:

"You're to Bat, Skunky. But I'm afraid you can't deliver the Goods."

Then Striped Skunk smiled knowingly and went to Bat. In a few seconds there was Muscle enough in the air to have commanded even Jim Jeffries' respect. It was the Lion's turn to be surprised. He made one bound and went straight up in the air 37 feet and 9 inches, and when he came down was still gasping for Fresh Air.

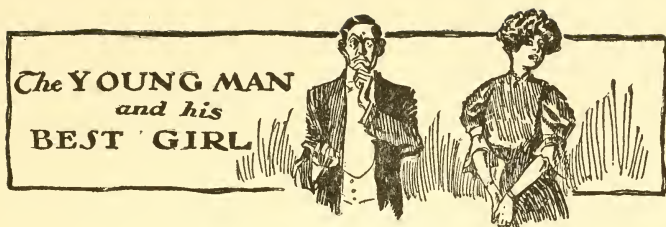
"You little imp!" he roared.

"Oh, wasn't that strong enough for you? Do you wish another Exhibition?" asked the Striped Skunk calmly.

“No, By Jocks. I don’t want any more of that kind of strength,” growled the King of Beasts, and turning tail, galloped over the hill, with the Striped Skunk trotting after, while the Fox rolled on the ground and laughed until he ran a sand burr in his ear.

MORAL

Use judgment in calling a bluff. In the show-down the other fellow may have the goods.



ONCE upon a time in the dim past a Young Man went to see his Best Girl. His soul was flooded to the limit with a great joy as forsooth he had in some mysterious manner, which history cloaks, obtained two complimentary tickets to the matinée, and he was nervous lest They perish and decay ere he had an opportunity to use them.

Once in the parlor, his joy found vent in words, and he put the question fairly: Would she Go?

At his words a Wild Joy leaped into the girl's eyes, and her face glowed like a Mississippi Sunset in June, showing off to great advantage the half dozen black heads that had pre-empted the end of her nose. Then the wave of joy subsided like the ebbing tide, leaving behind a plain brown Stony Calm.

"No, Algernon, I cannot accompany you to the matinée to-morrow afternoon. Deeply as it pains me I must decline."

The Beautiful Girl spoke these words with quiet determination, and the stately deliberate manner in which she masticated a large Wad of Gum told him plainer than words that her decision was irrevocable.

Algernon Dranekegg's face rapidly acquired the well-known Ashen Pallor so much used, and he would gladly have leaned against The Mantel for support, as is cus-

tomary in such cases, but a hasty glance around the room disclosed a dearth of Mantles, and he discreetly remained in a perpendicular position.

Changing his weight to the other foot, in order to ease a large Healthy Corn that was entering a vigorous protest against being cooped up in a toothpick shoe, the Young Man said in a husky voice:

“What is the matter, Phyllis? Surely I have not offended you that you should act so strangely. When I left you at 1:15 this morning, you were blythe and happy. Now you look as if some great trouble had come To you. What can have happened to my little girl?” and Algernon drew the fair Young Creature to his side, and gently laying her head upon his shoulder poked her cold nose into his ear.

Phyllis Billfinger broke away from him almost fiercely as she said in a heartbroken voice:

“Do not ask me, Algernon, for I cannot tell you.”

“Please tell me, Phyllis.”

A spasm of pain convulsed her features, and for a moment Algernon feared that she had swallowed the gum. But a moment later the Fair Girl’s jaws moved on with the same slow, rhythmic grace, and she replied:

“Algernon, I love you as well as I did at a quarter past one this morning; let that suffice for my answer.”

“But I insist, Phyllis. Here are the matinée tickets, and I demand an explanation of your conduct,” said the Young Man, a medium shade of annoyance passing over his face in a northwesterly direction.

A strong agony caught her amidships, but she gritted her teeth and shook her head with a dry sob.

“Phyllis,” he said sternly, “there should be no secrets between us.”

“Algernon,” said the Young Girl, with the look of a person who has a sudden Inspiration, “if you insist, I will tell you. Mother fell this morning and broke her knee cap, and I have got to do the Jones’ washing to-morrow, or Ma will lose her Position. I know it is all over between us,” she went on, “but sometimes, when in your Splendid Home, think of poor Phyllis.”

Algernon Dranekegg drew up his superb form to its full Height as the girl uttered these humiliating words, and Phyllis Billfinger was sure she could detect a look of scorn in the handsome eyes.

His words drove the last remnant of hope from her heart when he said, in the tone of a person who has been caught on the wrong side of the Market and covered in time to save himself:

“I am sorry for your mother’s misfortune, Miss Billfinger, but I have an engagement at the Club this evening where we have a banquet, and if you will kindly excuse me, I will go.”

He then made a hasty exit.

Unfortunately for Phyllis, the “Look of Dumb Misery,” and “Shrill Cry of Anguish,” were both upstairs in her Trunk, so she was forced to depend entirely upon a small-sized “Low Moan of Agony.” She fired that at Algernon, when she fell in a heap on the floor, just as his coat-tails went through the door. But it was too small to be effective, and only served to increase his speed.

Five minutes later, Our Heroine was comfortably

seated on the wood-box in the kitchen, munching a cracker and sipping a cup of warm tea, while she soliloquized:

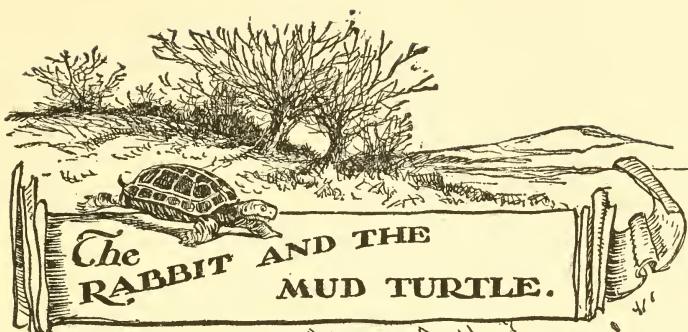
"That settles the 'Lady Clare' racket. I don't try that any more. It's n.g. only in books. Thought I had him sure. Would if ma hadn't hurt her leg. Must be well off, too; always talking about his 'club.' Well, ma has got to pay 50 cents for the use of this dress. Just my luck, anyhow."

Meanwhile, Algernon Dranekegg was hurrying down street in spite of His corn. Soon he slackened his pace, however, and fishing an old stub of a cigar from his pocket, lighted it, and proceeded in a more leisurely manner, musing to himself:

"Lord, but that was a narrow escape. Confound it, I thought they were well fixed by the way she talked. I know who she is, now. Queer coincidence, too; her mother washes for the Jones' and my Old Lady washes for the Brown's just across the street. Too bad. Thought I had finally found somebody to support me, but I'll have to fall back on mother again. She's all right, only she is getting old and can't work like she used to. She kicked on paying for the use of this suit of clothes to-night. I'll just run around to Foley's and hit a free lunch before I go home."

MORAL

Never try experiments when bluffing. Carry the hand right through on an ace-full basis.



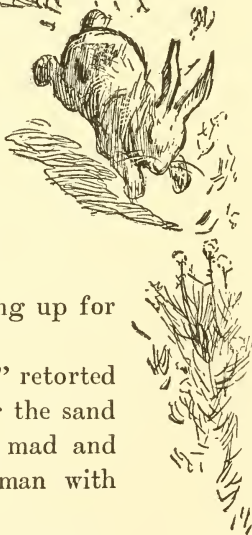
ONE morning a Rabbit was cantering along, feeling pretty gay and frisky, when it overtook a Mud Turtle, laboriously clawing along the sandy road.

The Rabbit slowed up a bit, and then stopped and remarked:

"Hello, Old Clubfoot. Practicing up for the fall races?"

"Oh, cut it out and take a sneak," retorted the Mud Turtle, sliding along over the sand with his head in the air, looking mad and disgusted as a freckled-faced woman with snag teeth at a beauty show.

"Say, but you have beautiful foot action. You ought to make five or six rods a day, by working overtime, if you didn't fall in a hole," teased the Rabbit, turning a few back summersaults and standing on his nose.



"You slim-legged ducks give me a pain. Because you can lope along at a pretty good gait for a few yards, without breaking in two, you think you are some pumpkins on the go. You can't race. Go crawl in a hole somewhere and go to sleep," and the Mud Turtle paused to pinch a sand burr from the bottom of a claw, and then poking its nose independently up in the air again, started on.

"You don't want to try a little canter?" said the Rabbit banteringly, trying its best to look solemn.

"Sure thing. I've been laying for you for a year," and the Mud Turtle, who was pretty hot under the collar at all this roasting, looked greatly relieved at the offer to race from his tormentor.

"How far do you want to run?" queried the Rabbit, tilting one ear back and choking off a grin.

"Oh, say six miles," snorted the Mud Turtle, as it rolled over a corn-cob and nearly lost its balance.

"Six miles! You mean six rods," gasped the Rabbit in amazement, as it leaned up against a mullein stalk.

"No; I don't. I mean six miles. I don't claim to be a quarter horse. But I'll show you how to run a long race," said the Mud Turtle, brushing the sand from its eyes with a confident air.

"If your speed gauged up with your nerve, I'd hate to tackle you. This is for the Championship, I suppose?" and the Rabbit looked down at the Independent Mud Turtle with a puzzled air.

"Of course. Long-distance championship."

"When do you want to start?"

The Mud Turtle looked up at the sun.

“It is now exactly noon. ‘Go!’” and the light-footed Rabbit shot out of sight in a twinkling.

“Here’s where I get in My Graft,” chuckled the Mud Turtle. “Smarty Rabbit will go to sleep up the road a piece and forget all about the race,” and it closed one eye to keep out the sand and dug along.

Two Years and Eleven Months after, the Tired Mud Turtle, weary and foot-sore, plodded up to the Finish.

A wan, pleased smile lighted up his countenance, and he murmured:

“Just as I figured. I have caught Mr. Rabbit napping. He hasn’t shown up yet.”

Just then a Possum rose up from the grass, yawned and stretched, and then walked lazily over to the Mud Turtle.

“Haven’t noticed a Smart Aleck of a Rabbit waiting around here for anybody, have you?” the latter inquired with a Satisfied Grin.

The Possum eyed the Tired Mud Turtle a moment curiously.

“What Particular Rabbit did you refer to?”

“Why, it’s young Lop Ear. The one I’m running a six-mile race with. All the animals know about it, don’t they? Just hand me the medal, if You’re stake holder, and when he comes along I’ll give him the Wise Look. Told him he couldn’t run a long race, but he was feeling frisky and wanted to try. He’s probably asleep somewhere,” and the tired Mud Turtle, in trying to act Jaunty and Fresh, just missed falling into a Post hole.

Then the Possum broke into a Guffaw.

“Well, I’ll be Jim Swizzled, if it isn’t the old Mud

Turtle I'm waiting for, just coming down the home stretch. That's too good," and the Possum let out Another Whoop, and laughed until he nearly split.

"What's the cause of the Hilarity? Ain't I here first?" queried the Tired Mud Turtle, looking slightly perplexed.

The Possum went off into another fit of laughter that scared a bunch of Grasshoppers out of the County, and birds and animals gathered in from all directions to hear what the racket was about.

"Come here, everybody, and get on to the champion runner. He's been trying to beat a Rabbit. Started Two Years and Eleven Months ago, and just coming down The Home Stretch. O My! O My!" and the Possum collapsed and leaned up against a Jimson Weed.

"He's a Lightning Chaser all right," remarked the Chipmuk.

"Didn't it make you a little dizzy, going so fast?" queried the Woodchuck.

"What ails you Geysers? Ain't I here first?" asked the Mud Turtle, feeling that something had slipped a Cog.

"Why, bless your simple old shell. Lop Ear was here inside of two hours after he started," said the Possum, "wasn't sweating a hair, either. My grandfather was here and handed him the Medal."

"I thought Rabbits always stopped and went to sleep when they were running races," said the Tired Mud Turtle, looking sheepish and disappointed.

"This one didn't. They say he came sailing in here like a quarter horse."

“I’ve been lied to,” said the Mud Turtle with glum look.

“Of course you have. My son, never believe anything you hear.”

MORAL

Talent doesn’t always get busy in a small game. But make the jack-pot big enough to interest him, and the others may as well throw their hands in the discard.



A CAT that was continually being chased and pestered by Dogs went to a Possum for advice as to the best method of evading its Tormentors.

“Simplest thing in the world, my Son,” said the Possum. “When you see a Dog coming, don’t run up a tree or on top of the smoke house and sit there Chewing the Rag with him. That just serves to irritate the Dog and keep him hanging around. Instead, when you see a Dog coming, roll up in a ball, shut your eyes and act as if you had been dead a year. No matter what the Dog does, don’t wiggle or bat an eye. He will nose around you a spell and then go on about his business. It is a method I have used for years, and it Works to Perfection. I also fool Men that way.”

“That scheme sounds a little Fishy to me,” said the Cat dubiously.

The Wise Old Possum shrugged his shoulders and returned curtly:

“Well, that is my Prescription. You can take it or not, as you please,” and he scratched his back against a post to signify that the interview was over.

The Cat pondered over the matter a spell, and at length determined to try the Possum’s method. Shortly

afterward he descried a big Dog coming, and at once doubled up in a ball, shut his eyes, and awaited developments. Said developments were first class. The Dog came bounding up like a whirlwind, and without making any inquiries as to the Cat's health, or even taking a preliminary Sniff, grabbed the apparently defunct Feline by the nape of the neck and threw it over his shoulder into a Blackberry Patch. Towser immediately turned to take another fall out of the Cat, but that much persecuted feline, having had enough of New Fangled Wrinkles, hastily shinned up a convenient tree, where it nursed a lame back and growled In disgust:

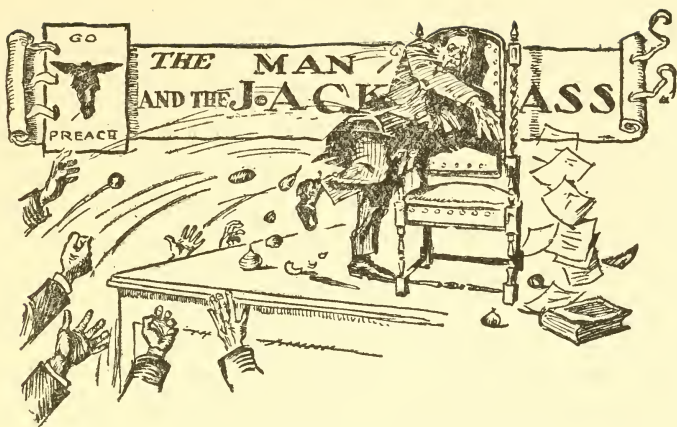
"That old Possum is a hot member. He ought to patent that method of getting rid of Dogs. He gets a piece of my mind soon as I get out of this scrape."

Accordingly, when the Dog had departed, looking for other worlds to conquer, Kitty crawled down and limped painfully over to the Possum's tree. The Wise Old Gazaboo was contentedly cleaning up some chicken bones when the Cat appeared and at once proceeded to exhale its ideas of Possum wisdom. That astute Party took the roasting complaisantly, and said not a word until the Cat had run out of Ozone.

Then he remarked calmly: "My Child, I regret your trouble very much. But you will recall the fact that I was paid nothing for my advice. Had you brought me a nice juicy Chicken, I should probably have given you advice of a much higher order. I'm not running a Bargain Counter, so don't expect to get something valuable for nothing. I trust the lesson will be salutary. Good-day."

MORAL

It looks as if this moral would lose its job. For only grafters and frenzied financiers are able to get something valuable for nothing, nowadays, and they get everything in sight, without morals of any kind; so we have decided to pass up this one.



ONCE upon a time there lived a man whose Intellectual Percentage graded about 17 out of a possible thousand. In fact he was a large Healthy Yap. The neighbors all knew his Garret was Dusty, and threw the soup into him whenever his back was turned. But he never tumbled. He figured that he ranked with The Masters when it came to Gray Matter. He had tried every known occupation, but always got frostbitten. He didn't know what the matter was, but supposed it was because he had too many brains. He knew he owned a large basketful of that commodity, for he had a head big as a fall pumpkin, and he had read somewhere that a head contained brains.

One day, while out of a job, he climbed a hill and sat down to rest upon a flat stone. His supply of Square Meals was getting short, but he had too many brains to work on the section, or hoe corn, so he decided to wait for something to turn up.

Presently, away down in the woods he heard a jackass

braying. But for a wonder he didn't recognize the voice. Clear and distinct came the instruction:

"Go Preach. Go Preach. Go Preach." Then he knew that he had at last found his mission. He would go out among the People and show Billy Sunday up for a third-rater.

So he hired a school-house out in the country and opened up with both barrels. The Plain People came to hear him once, quietly and respectfully. Once was enough. They were common Country Dubs, but they weren't so rusty as some folks imagine, and they sized that preacher up for a Sawdust Ham. The next night they came loaded to the guards with strenuous hen fruit of the Vintage of '94.

That savory article of commerce they proceeded to plaster all over his gigantic intellect. Also his shirt front. In fact that bucolic audience put up a good imitation of Getting Busy.

It required two coats of the mixture before he tumbled that he wasn't It, and migrated. And the suffering populace added a top dressing as he went out of the door somewhat hastily.

After meditating upon the mutability of human affairs, the incipient Billy Sunday went to sawing Wood at a Dollar Per.

That time-honored vocation furnished ample scope for the full play of his Great Intellect. He is still sawing wood at a Dollar Per. At last he has found his mission.

MORAL

Be sure you have the right hunch.



A Buggy Whip that had become lost was rejoicing in its freedom. It was very much pleased with the new state of affairs. No more would it be compelled to whip the poor, tired horses and be shook and joggled about in the whip socket. Nothing to do but loaf and have a good time. Presently it made the acquaintance of a Wandering Hornet, and the two became fast friends.

Everything would now have gone swimmingly, but of course they must get into an argument soon as they became fairly acquainted.

The argument was, which could inflict the greater injury upon a Man at one blow.

They argued and argued and, of course, lost their tempers.

Finally the whip said:

“Why, you wouldn’t be in it. I could cut a Man in two.”

"Possibly you could. You are pretty smart, but don't think for a minute you are the only Fly in the Soup," replied the Hornet in a great rage.

"The matter is easy to settle. Here comes a Man; let us try our muscle on him," said the Whip.

"All right. You take the first shot while I load my Gun," said the Hornet, seating himself in the shade, where he proceeded to sharpen his Stinger on a piece of Brick.

The Whip got ready, and when the Man came along gave him a stinging cut on the leg.

"What the nation hit my Cork Leg?" mused the Man, looking around inquiringly, while the Whip leaned up against a fence post with a sheepish air.

The Hornet nearly broke a rib laughing at the Whip's futile effort.

"Watch me soak him," he cried, and forthwith he made a vicious jab at the back of the Man's neck. It was a good hard jab all right, but unfortunately for the Hornet, his stinger collided with a Collar Button, and broke square off, leaving the Hornet rolling in the dust, while the Man moseyed along about his business.

The Whip picked up his partner and brushed the dust from him with the remark:

"My son, we are neither of us in the money this trip. We both got hold of the wrong Dope Sheet."

MORAL

It generally occurs that way.

The TIGER... and the COYOTE



A ROYAL Bengal Tiger had been chief of the Jungle for many years, where his word was Law, and his slightest wish eagerly anticipated.

Whenever he casually remarked:

“Simon says Thumbs Up,” every digit in the neighborhood bearing that especial trademark went hastily to the zenith. He was the Czar of that bunch of country, all right, with never a mutiny.

But still he was not happy. He wished to know whether he ruled through love or whether the prompt obedience accorded him was due to the fact of his having occasionally sampled some of his subjects in a gastronomical way.

To find out he one day feigned great illness, and, calling the Animals of the Forest around him, said between groans:

“My children, the Old Man is about knocked out of the box. You see that I am so feeble I can barely raise my head. While regretting that I have not been able to eat as many of you as I could wish before I cashed in my chips, I have done the best I could, and frequently ran the risk of getting dyspepsia. So you must bear

the grief and disappointment as best you can, and I hope you will take good care of me the little time I have to Live.”

These remarks were supplemented by several Dismal Groans, which the Tiger exhaled to give force to his remarks.

The results of his Little Jolly far exceeded his most sanguine expectations. For the other Animals, hearing that the Tyrant was on his last legs, made a simultaneous jump for him, and inside of fifteen seconds the once feared Monarch was buried four deep with all kinds and descriptions of his beloved subjects, each trying to get a mouthful of Tiger to carry home for a souvenir.

There was one exception, however. An American Coyote, that had but recently come to live in the Jungle, sat back on his haunches and watched the fur fly, without attempting to assist in the Obsequies.

This apparent soft-heartedness, however, was not from any particular love for his Boss, by any means. Hardly. The explanation lay in the fact that the Coyote was naturally of a conservative, retiring disposition, and anything bigger than a Rat had to be mighty awful dead before he tackled it. His motto had always been “a safe investment and small returns,” rather than hazard any chances. Subsequent events in the present instance proved his Wisdom, for the Tiger suddenly bounded to his feet with a great Roar that nearly paralyzed his tormentors.

As he made a Sample Bound up to the tops of the trees, he looked big as a Brick House, and hyenas, panthers, wolves, skunks, whangdoodles, cheetahs, mon-

keys, woodchucks, wildcats, etc., all showed sprinting abilities of the highest order.

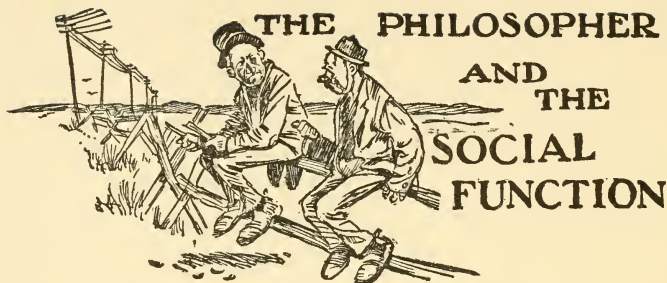
The Tiger made a hasty lunch from half a dozen or so on the bottom layer before they could get away, and then turned to the Coyote:

“My Son, you alone of all my subjects have remained true to me. You must be rewarded. As you look too Tough and Skinny to be Edible, you shall hereafter be my Private Secretary. Your duties will be to locate plenty of fresh meat and pick the sand burrs out of my tail.”

The Coyote winked softly at the Gray Squirrel and climbed into the Royal Band Wagon.

MORAL

If you are a nine spot, look wise and keep your mouth shut. Then, possibly, some near-sighted duck may pick you up for the real thing.



A PHILOSOPHER was once walking in the country when he came to a Cadaverous Looking Stranger humped up on a rail fence.

He was a very tired looking Proposition. His clothing was of good quality, but just now it looked like the frayed-out edge of a pipe dream.

“Good-morning, my Friend. Taking in the Scenery?” said the Philosopher, socially, as he leaned against the fence.

“Oh, not particularly. I’m just killing Time; although scenery is my long suit just at present,” returned the Stranger with a Weary Air.

“You don’t look very hearty. What seems to be your trouble; Botts or Appendicitis?” inquired the Philosopher kindly.

“Oh, my physical health is all right, but I’m badly ripped up the back, Financially and Typographically; I am a Social Function,” said the Stranger.

“Ah, yes. I used to read of you often,” said the Philosopher, getting out his jack-knife and beginning to whittle a Rail.

“Of course you read of Me. Everybody has read

Of Me. That's why I am Here," returned the Stranger with a Disgusted Look.

"What was the trouble?" inquired the Philosopher, climbing up on the soft side of the rail beside the Tough Looking Proposition.

"Oh, jealousy, of course. The Rabble that I broke away from kept Knocking till they got me fired."

"Too bad. Where were you from Originally?" asked the Philosopher, prying a hunk of meat from between his teeth with the jack-knife.

"Well, now, you are probing around among Old Sores. Still I don't know but my Ancestors would carry off as many blue ribbons as the average High Guys. Near as I can discover, My Forefathers were collections of Monkeys, Baboons, etc. Then they gravitated up to Husking Bees and Country Hoe-downs; then swell gatherings with coachmen and bob-tailed horses. A while ago, some of the Nickle Plates in the city picked me up, dressed me in happy clothes, and changed my name to a Social Function. Then for a while I was on the top wave of Prosperity. But, of course, it was too good to last. Somebody recognized me under my Finery, and, knowing my obscure Origin, began to Jolly me about my Ancestors. Every country editor and reporter picked it up and threw the Soup into me right and left. If Farmer Jones' hired man went to a country hoe-down he attended a Social Function. Every cross-roads gathering was a Social Function. Oh, but those mossbacks did soak it to me beautifully, and I couldn't do a thing to get back at 'em. Of course, as soon as my patrons saw how Common I

had become, they dropped me like a dog does hot soap. And here I am; no job and no money," and the Dilapidated Stranger's face twisted up like a boy with the Colic.

"Too bad. But can't you get a job out here in the country at a slightly reduced salary?" queried the Philosopher as he finished Cutting a Rail in two and climbed down from The Fence.

"No. These blamed Country Jakes won't let up roasting me for ten years. I couldn't get a job swilling the pigs out here; just a handout, once in a while," and at the recollection of his downfall the Stranger buried his Nose in his Hands, while large Dry Sobs shook his dilapidated Coat-tails.

"You are indeed in Hard Luck," mused the Philosopher, contemplating the Sick Looking Party thoughtfully; "now, if you only had a wise look and some Dough, you might go to the Senate; but you're Shy on Both. However, do not despair, my friend. Your face ought to make your fortune with any sort of luck and the right management. Go strike a patent medicine firm. Your photo would make a very convincing 'Before Taking' Ad," and the Philosopher passed on, feeling very well satisfied and somewhat Chesty over the good advice he had freely given a struggling fellow mortal.

MORAL

When you begin to climb keep one eye canted down for a soft spot to light when you slip through a hole in the ladder. You may strike hard.

The TURKEY and the SAP SUCKER

A TURKEY that was being fattened for Thanksgiving had just finished a big, delicious dinner and was loafing about in the pen picking its teeth with a sliver and feeling very contented.

He was a big Fat Squab and thought he was "It." Whenever another turkey chanced near the pen it got a mocking laugh from the High Roller.

Two or three times a day the Farmer came to the pen and filled him up to the neck with easily digested food. My, but wasn't that Turkey vain! It wore its hat on one side of its head and grew so fat and lazy that it could barely waddle.

Presently a Sapsucker alighted upon the top rail of



the pen and began prodding for worms. Now, when the Turkey was a little tad, it used to play with the Sapsucker out in the woods. Feeling a little bit lonesome and wishing to guy somebody, and call attention to its wealth, the Fat Turkey said:

“Hello, Sappy. You have pretty hard sledding. How is the worm market to-day?”

The Sapsucker paused from its labors, swung around on top of the rail and peeped into the pen.

“Hello, Turk. Is that you? I haven’t seen you in a month of Sundays. What are you doing in that stuffy old pen? Why don’t you come out and get some exercise—chase bugs and grasshoppers like you used to, and roost in the trees again? No fun in there.”

The Fat Turkey put his claw up to his nose and winked wisely.

“Nixy. I’ve struck the fattest thing that ever happened.”

“What have you struck now?”

“Why, the Boss selected me from the whole flock and put me in here all alone. Say, but he’s just throwing all kinds of dainties into me. Finest in the land. No more skirmishing around in the woods after old grasshoppers for Yours Truly. Mighty few Turkeys get this kind of a deal.”

“H-m, it looks like a snap on the outside. But what is he feeding you all this swell grub for?” asked the Sapsucker suspiciously.

“Why, because I am handsome, and he took a fancy to me, of course; what other reason could there be?” said the Fat Turkey pompously.

"You're dead easy. Don't get a rush of blood to the head thinking the Boss is mashed on your shape."

"Of course he is. I heard him tell the hired man that I was just what he wanted; young and handsome. He said he was going to make me weigh twelve pounds. Think of the swell grub that will take," and the Fat Turkey smacked his chops and leered up at the Sapsucker.

"About how old are you?" asked the Sapsucker, musingly.

"About eight months."

"I thought so. You're just the right age to be Pudding for somebody."

"Oh, pshaw! Don't you worry about me. I can take care of myself. If the Boss tries any funny business with me I'll fool him."

The Sapsucker eyed the Shrewd Turkey a moment and said:

"My friend, let me give you a little advice. Never try to beat another fellow's game. It looks easy, but you will find, when it comes to the last deal, that the Boss has cards up his sleeve. I hate to see you imposed upon, for we have had lots of good times together, but to my way of thinking it looks squally for you now. He isn't throwing all this fodder into you for nothing."

"Oh, head in somewhere. The idea of a scrawny Sapsucker trying to tell me my business. Go talk to your equals. I'm not in your class. I have brains; do you hear?" and the Fat Turkey stalked about, looking wiser than Joe Cannon on a close decision.

"Then let the game roll, my Son, but remember what

I told you. Here comes the Boss, so I'll just skip for a tree, if you have no objections."

The Farmer came up with a Club and peered into the pen.

"To-morrow is Thanksgiving, Turkey. Your time has come."

He threw open the pen and the Wise Turkey saw too late what the game was. It made a frantic break for liberty, only to receive a welt with a Club that broke its neck in Three Places. The Farmer then chopped off its head with the hatchet and started home.

"Not much shorter on brains than he was before," murmured the Sapsucker, as he proceeded to make himself scarce in that locality, leaving the Wise Turkey to furnish the *piece de resistance* for the holiday dinner.

MORAL

My son, deride not the sucker. He is the backbone of many flourishing industries; the goose that lays the golden egg. He furnishes the sinews of war for the promoter, the grafter, the gold-brick man, and the frenzied financier. Cultivate the sucker; you may get a few of the eggs.

THE CONVENTION

of STOCK PHRASES

At a certain period in the world's history a great controversy arose among certain Stock Phrases used by Novelists as to which one was actually used the most in every-day life.

The contention waxed hot, and, finally, a convention was held, where it was agreed to leave the decision to Mercury, who could obtain the figures from the recording angel who kept all records.

Any Phrase or expression used by Novelists could compete, and the entries were to close at noon of a certain day; Mercury's report to be read by the Chairman half an hour later.

A large number of contestants en-



tered the race, among them being the "Derisive Laugh," the "Sigh of Relief," the "Cry of Anguish," the "Look of Dumb Misery," "Winsome Smile," "Look of Contempt," and so on down the list.

A few minutes before the time had expired for closing the entries, a roughly-dressed, coarse-looking party forced his way into the assemblage and cried out:

"See here. I want a stick in this game."

"What is your name?" asked the Chairman.

"I am several Bad Swear Words, commonly called Profanity," replied the stranger boldly.

The well-dressed, respectable contestants looked aghast at the coarse, tough-looking party, and some of them objected to his admittance on the ground that he was not properly a Stock Phrase, and therefore not eligible to compete with them.

The Chairman, however, decided that as the newcomer had been used a great number of times by Novelists, he could not, under the rules, be excluded.

"Let him in. He stands no show anyhow," said the Look of Contempt.

"Bet you 20 to 1 I win out," retorted the coarse-looking party, flourishing a Roll of Bills.

Owing, however, to lack of inclination, or funds, his bet was not taken.

So Profanity was admitted and his name appeared upon the list just as the time expired.

Half an hour later, promptly to the second, a messenger handed the Chairman a folded paper. The latter took it and read as follows:

"Total number of times the following words and expressions

have been used by the inhabitants of Chicago in every-day life during the period of One Day:

Derisive Laugh	384 times
Sad Smile	228 "
Pensive, Far-away Look	117 "
Sigh of Relief	212 "
Sigh (plain)	864 "
Cry of Anguish	116 "
Low Sob	181 "
Look of dumb Misery	196 "
Bright Smile	912 "
Cynical Laugh	843 "
Moan of Agony	527 "
Look of stern Resolve	311 "
Winning Smile	762 "
Supercilious Stare	106 "
Strained Voice	91 "
Stony Calm	112 "
Crafty Look	406 "
Look of Contempt	216 "
Low gurgling Laugh	89 "
Pained Look	121 "
Clenched Hands (where the nails eat into the flesh)	0 "
Laugh (common every-day)	4,391,472 "
Profanity	9,749,876 "

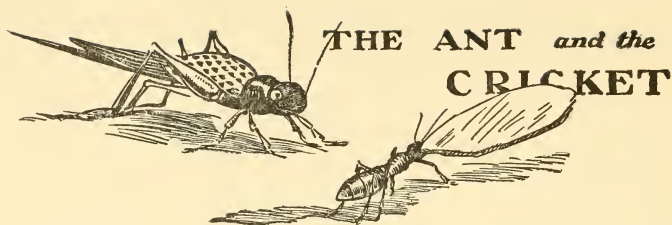
Many other words and expressions failed to qualify in time for the Convention.

(Signed) MERCURY."

"Profanity takes the Chips. Next time stay out till you get a hand," shouted the coarse-looking stranger triumphantly. Then the Convention dissolved.

MORAL

When a dark horse shows up pull down your entry money.



AN Ant was loafing in the shade one day, keeping its weather-eye out for Pedestrians, when a Cricket came prancing and whistling down the road. It was pretty close before the Ant saw it, and, not having any bargain counter handy from which to select a burden, the industrious fraud frantically grabbed the first thing handy—a sliver of pine shingle—and began dashing hither and thither as if it had been working all the forenoon that way.

The Cricket watched the Ant jerk, tug and yank the sliver around a spell, and then squatted down upon a little pebble and remarked:

“I suppose if you had a larger audience you would act still more like a lunatic.”

The Ant feigned great surprise at seeing anybody. It paused, and wiping the perspiration from its brow, panted:

“Dear me, but you Crickets are a trial. Always interrupting folks when they are busiest. Why don’t you go to work?”

“Because I haven’t time. But please tell me what you are going to do with that old piece of shingle?”

The Ant looked at its burden a moment and remarked in apparent disgust:

“Well, I’ll be hanged If it *isn’t* a piece of shingle. I thought It was a Katydid’s leg.”

“Look here, Old Man, that’s too thin. You didn’t think anything of the kind. You saw me coming and just grabbed the first thing you could lift. I saw you loafing in the shade. I’m on to you, so stop your lying. What do you act that way for?”

The Ant was for once nonplussed and fell back on Its reputation.

“I am an honest, hard-working Ant, but——”

“Oh, Cheese it. You’re an honest, hard-working Fraud. That’s what you are. Please tell me, I asked you, what use you have for that wooden sliver?”

The Ant was about to ring in the old bluff about laying up groceries for winter, but he looked at the piece of shingle and his nerve forsook him. There are some problems that even an Ant dare not tackle. Trying to palm off old dirty pieces of shingle as groceries was one of them. So the Ant only looked solemn and kicked up the dust with its toes.

“Now we are alone,” went on the Cricket, “suppose you tell me why you fellows are always making grandstand plays when anybody is around, pretending to be busy and all that. I’ll never give it away.”

The Ant looked greatly startled and gazed around cautiously. “Sh—not so loud. Some one may be listening.”

“Nonsense. There isn’t any one near. Go ahead. I’ll be mum.”

The Ant took a seat beside the Cricket and said in a low voice:

“The fact is, not one Ant in a thousand knows why we do it, but I happen to know. It’s all on account of an old tradition.”

“What is this tradition? I am anxious to know what makes you folks act different from the other insects. I have run against you fellows unexpectedly, half a dozen times, and always found you loafing when you thought nobody was around,” said the Cricket, leaning back against a stalk of blue-grass and crossing its legs comfortably.

“It makes me mad when I think about it, so I don’t care whether I tell or not,” said the Ant indignantly, as he tucked a bit of plantain leaf around his neck to absorb the perspiration.

“You see, long, long ago the Ants were just as happy and care-free as the Crickets and the Frogs and the Grasshoppers are now. They, too, had nothing to do but loaf and play. Nothing to worry about. One evil day, however, a Colony of my Ancestors happened along where some Men were holding a picnic in the forest. After the Men had gone the Ants ran up to see if any crumbs were left, and, in foraging around, they discovered a depression filled with an odd-smelling Liquid that the Men had evidently spilled. The Ants were thirsty and drank some of it. It is not known to this day what the Stuff was, but it had a strange effect upon them. Some began to caper about, dance and fight. They hugged each other and tried to tear off a leg or arm. Many were possessed with a strange desire to carry something. They seized upon bits of wood, grass, leaves—in fact anything they could lift, and rushed

frantically about with it in their jaws. While they were acting in that strange manner some of the Older Ants, who had drank little or none of the Liquid, noticed two Men peering down at them as though greatly amazed. One of them had a great flat square of something white in his hand upon which he kept rubbing the end of a stick. Of course, all insects are glad to have Men take notice of them, and it occurred to the old Ants that our strange behavior was the cause of it. The young Ants soon recovered from the effects of the Liquid and they were given orders to act in that same way when a Man was seen approaching. They did so and never failed to attract attention. Word was sent to other Colonies that the Ants could thus gain ascendancy over the other insects. A regular Code of Signals and Actions were given out and taught the young Ants at an early age. Now, sentinels are kept posted at the outskirts of every Colony to give warning and when any living thing shows up we get busy. We have gained a great reputation for thrift and wisdom, but for my part I would prefer less reputation and more fun. It gets awful tiresome dragging old sticks and bones around just to keep folks thinking we are Smart and Industrious," and the Ant wearily mopped its brow with the plantain leaf.

"So that is the cause of all this hustling and rushing and carrying things, eh?" and the cricket looked down at the Ant with mingled pity and disgust.

"That's the whole secret, and you're the first Cricket that ever knew it," replied the Ant, looking cautiously over its shoulder from force of habit.

"And you don't think the Game is worth the Can-

dle?" and the Cricket sized up the Ant with a quizzical grin.

"No, I don't," returned the Ant, shortly, glowering contemptuously at the pine sliver.

"Then drop your humbugging and come on to the matinée with me."

The Ant was in the mood to agree to the Cricket's proposition, but at that juncture a Man was seen approaching. Instantly the Ant's early training went to bat, and all the Insect remembered was to get busy.

The Man was so near at hand that the little Fraud got rattled, and grabbing the Cricket's hind leg, shouldered it, and started to Buck the Line, jerking the Cricket on his nose.

For a second the latter was inclined to get hot under the collar at the little Fraud's nerve in trying to play him for groceries, then the size of the contract that the Ant had tackled struck his Funny Bone and he almost cracked open with laughter.

That brought the Ant to its senses, and, dropping the leg, it grabbed a bit of dried mullein stalk and went on with its gymnastics.

Then the Man came up, and, as usual, paused and stooped down to watch the manœuvres.

"What intelligence and industry the Ants do possess! It makes me ashamed of our vaunted Wisdom," and the Man yawped away to himself, while the Ant tore around with one eye canted up toward the audience, hoping the latter would skip so it could loaf again.

"Oh, but they're Easy Marks. No wonder the Ants

keep up the Continuous," and the Cricket danced away to the Matinée.

MORAL

Tell it not in Gath. But the Ant is not the only Insect that plays to the Gallery.



B I L L

The
**GENEROUS
BROTHERS**

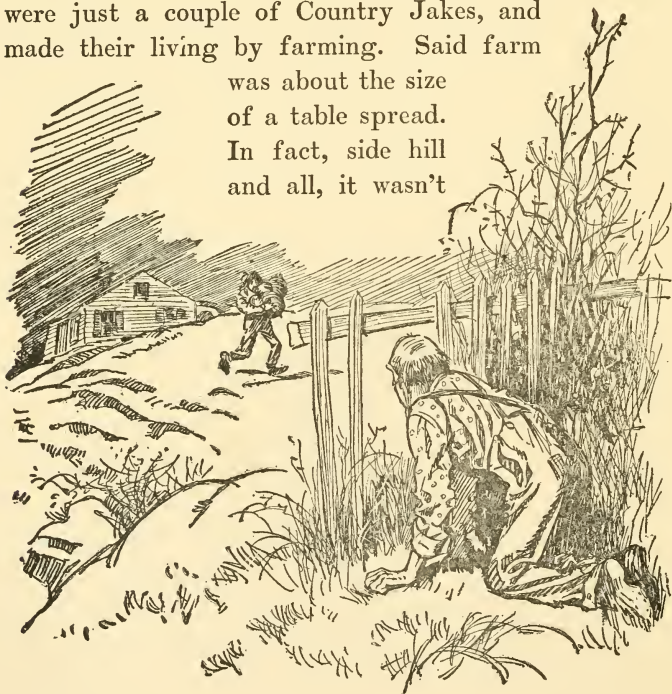


B O B

LONG time ago—in fact it was before the Chicago Fire—two brothers named Bill and Bob lived in a little valley away off from everybody and his folks. They were just a couple of Country Jakes, and made their living by farming. Said farm

was about the size
of a table spread.

In fact, side hill
and all, it wasn't



much bigger than the state of Rhode Island, so you see they didn't strain themselves working. But they dug enough out of it to live on, so they didn't kick. The boys weren't very ambitious, anyhow. Bill was married and had a houseful of kids, while Bob bached it in a little Shack down in the corner of the lot. They got along first rate, Bill's wife and kids doing most of the work, while the men folks sat around, smoked and cussed the weather. The hatful of truck they raised was divided equally, down to the last squash, and both were always on hand to see that it was done right.

One day a peddler got lost and blew into their little valley. It was just after the crops were in and they made quite a Dicker with him. Trading turnips, cabbages, etc., for cotton ribbons and other Gimcracks. Among other things they got was an Old Book, and when the peddler had made his escape they sat down to read it.

Bob got hold of it first and presently he Bumped into the story of Abram and Zimri. That struck him all in a Heap and he read it over two or three times. You know the story. How a couple of ducks named Abram and Zimri farmed it in a little forgotten valley—or vale, they called it then. How Abram had a wife and seven sons, and Zimri didn't. Just bached it, and fried his bacon to suit himself, and was just as Nasty and Contented as any other Old Bach. You remember how they divided the truck they raised, equally; each stacking up half. And how, one night, Abe got to thinking it over, and made up his mind that Zim ought to have more than Half, because he didn't have any wife and Kids to do his work for him. So what does he do but

Hike out and go down to the field where the two piles were stacked up and carry about a third of his pile over to Zim's stack. Then he sneaked back and went to bed. Doing such a nice generous act made him feel pretty Chesty and contented, and he went right to sleep again. You remember, the same night Zim had the same kind of a Soft Pedal Hunch, and along toward morning crawled out of his old Bed and toted Abe's third back again. Then *he* went back to bed feeling strictly virtuous. The next day, of course, everything was *in statu quo*. Both of them wondered a good deal, but kept mum. That night Abe worked another batch of his Truck off on to Zim and a few hours later Zim fired it back. In the morning they worried over their piles more than ever, but didn't say anything.

Next night Abe did the same thing again and then Squatted Down behind his pile to Watch. Presently, Zim came out and carried it back, and when he was through Abe got up, and they hugged and wept, and had a Grand Tableau. But Shucks; you know all about it.

Soon as Bob read the story he says to himself:

"That's Bill an' me right over, B'gosh. Wonder if Bill'll do It. I'll take the Book over and give him a chance." So he left the Book at Bill's House, and went back.

Bill read the story and it struck him as a nice thing for Bob to do.

So each fellow stood around on one leg for about a Week, hoping the other one would take the hint. But neither pile grew any.

By and by Bill got to thinking it over one night and he says to himself:

“Probably Bob wants to do it, but he’s too bashful. I’ll just go out and help him. So he hiked out in the dim moonlight and carried about a third of Bob’s fodder over to his pile. Then he sneaked back to bed. As luck would have it Bob woke up that night and began to figure on the same thing. Bill wasn’t acting according to the books, and it worried him. Finally he says: “Something’s the matter with Bill. He’s had over a week now. Bashful, maybe. I’ll just go out and help him over the hard places.” So he slipped out and carried a third of Bill’s pile over to his. Then went back to camp.

Next morning the two piles were found to be in proper shape, just as they were the day before. Each one bothered over it to himself, but didn’t say anything. That night Bill thought he would try it another Whirl. So he piked out easy and quiet-like and shortly had a third of Bob’s truck once more. Then he crawled into the pile and waited to see what would turn up.

Pretty soon Bob came prancing out in his Pajamas and began to Get Busy on Bill’s provender. He worked like a Nailer and presently had everything back in its Original Shape. Then he hit the back trail and Skiddood.

Of course it hurt Bill’s feelings to see how Bob was acting and he thought it best to show him a few kinks. So he hunted up the peddler and sold him Bob’s half at 25 cents on the dollar, on condition that he take it away in the night.

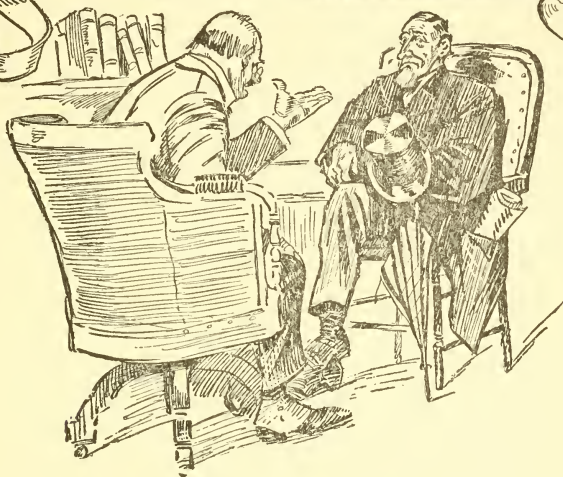
But the same day Bob grew wise to The Fact that his pile hadn't expanded as it should and his olfactories became aware of the presence of a Rodent. So he sneaked away and found the peddler and sold him Bill's half on the same conditions.

The peddler performed his part of the contract faithfully and cleaned up both piles; not leaving a summer squash or a nubbin of corn.

MORAL

Generosity—with the other fellow's pile—is making us a great nation of ——, but we're no knocker.

THE GREAT DETECTIVE WHO UNEARTHED THINGS



ONCE there was a Great Detective. He was very great. From a professional point of view, he was "Two Looks" high, and still climbing. He could detect anything. He had been known to locate a wobbly-legged calf that the old cow had hidden so effectually she couldn't find it herself. He came on deck after the Hoopskirt Age and before the dress pocket was abolished, and it has passed into History that he once found his wife's dress pocket in forty-five minutes by the parlor clock. But of course he couldn't do that every time; not without straining himself. He also did a fairly good Stunt on Collar Buttons. Could generally locate one in about thirty minutes if the dust wasn't too thick under

the Dresser. His long suit, however, was in putting the Tag on aspirants for jobs in the State Government Works at Peoria, and in that particular field he was on the 400 class, batter up.

One day a roughly-dressed, stocky man walked into the office, and, Squatting on a Chair without waiting for an invite, remarked:

"Say, pardner, be you the Brass Collared Detective we hear so much about, nowadays?"

"The same. Have you something in My Line? I can give you ten minutes," and the Great Detective fished out a note-book and began whittling the end of a Pencil.

The Stocky One pulled out a slab of tobacco the size of a six-inch section of 2×4 scantling, and detaching a chunk big as a piece of pie with his eye teeth, remarked:

"Ten minutes will do, I guess, if you're drawing as many Loads as they say. I am a farmer——"

The Great Detective interrupted him with a wave of the hand and smiled. "It is not necessary to inform me of that Fact, my Dear Sir. You live on a farm seventeen and a quarter miles north of here. Your farm is Part Clay and part a Sandy Loam."

The Stocky One appeared to be greatly impressed, and said:

"Well, I'll be Switched. How did you get onto that?"

The Great Detective smiled in a patronizing, indulgent way.

"We do not generally make a practice of Exhaling state secrets, but as you are a simple-minded farmer

the knowledge will go no further, so I don't mind telling you. You started out this morning with a fresh plug of tobacco, did you not? "

"Yep."

"You have taken just Chews enough to go seventeen and a quarter Miles."

"Good Guess. But why north? "

"The wind is in the west and there is more dust in your right ear than in your left. The nature of the soil upon your farm I detected instantly by the different shades of dust on your Collar, which are easily noted and classified by an expert."

"Say, but you're onto your job all right, pardner. You make me ashamed of myself. Now I'll shoot my wad and give you a chance to meditate."

The Great Detective once more waved his hand.

"Wait. You keep seven horses and nine cows."

The Stocky One stared and scratched his head.

"I've evidently come to the right party, but what's your recipe for the last batch of wisdom? "

"Simple again, when you know how. There are seven different distinct equine smells on your garments and nine separate and clearly-defined odors from the cow. Every animal has an odor peculiar to itself. Now tell your business."

The Stocky One changed his quid to the other side and said with some unction, "Say, but you're a Peach. If anybody ever intimates that your Garret is Dusty, just refer them to me. Now I'll speak my piece. My name is Jake Jagpole. You see, my Aunt Sarah Watkins dropped off rather sudden, and some of us got it

into our nut that there was crooked work. After bothering over it for a spell, I happened to think maybe you could help us out."

The Great Detective raised his hand.

"Wait. That is sufficient." Then turning to a pigeon-hole in his desk he looked over some papers for a moment and said:

"Your Aunt Sarah Watkins was a widow and lived alone."

"Yep."

"She was near-sighted."

"Yes; awful. Why, I've seen her set down to a carpenter's work bench and try to milk it, thinking the darn thing was a cow."

"Exactly. Set your mind at rest. There was no foul play. Your Aunt died from eating some Embalmed Beef that she chopped in the hash by mistake owing to the defect in her vision. Is that all you wish to know?"

The Stocky One arose and observed with some emotion:

"Yes, that's all. Much obliged. What's the damage?"

"Oh, the service was so slight: Twenty dollars."

The Stocky One handed over a twenty and turned to go; halted a moment, faced about, and remarked:

"Pardner, you're the smoothest event that ever occurred. You're a Ten Wheeler with 200 pounds of steam. I'm glad I came. I'm a V to the Good, besides a whole lot of valuable information. You see, on the run in yesterday I bet my head brakeman—by the way, I'm a freight conductor on the P. D. Q. & T. S. Never

was on a farm in my life, and never had an Aunt Sarah Watkins, or any other kind of an Aunt. But that doesn't alter the fact that you have given me the worth of my money. As I was saying, I bet the head brakeman twenty-five dollars that you could ferret out anything whether it happened or not. As you see, I have won out. I started to tell you I was a farmer-looking chap, but you jumped in and took my run, and when I saw I was Swiped a trip I kept quiet. So Long. We'll have a good time with the other five."

MORAL

When you know the other fellow is bluffing it's like money from home.

THE MOSQUITO AND THE BED-BUG



A MOSQUITO and a Bedbug were once disputing as to which had the Softest Job. Said the Mosquito: "I will admit you have a pretty fair job. Better than lots of others, but it isn't in the same class with mine at all. Just consider the difference. You spend most of your time in a narrow, stuffy crack in the bedstead. Just run out at meal time, bite off a chunk of meat, run back into your hole and lay in the dark like a bear, while you digest your food and sleep. That's all there is to it. In addition, you get drenched every spring and fall with turpentine and seventeen other kinds of bedbug poison. The wonder to me is that you are alive at all."

"Oh, I get fat on that stuff," interrupted the Bedbug.

"My job is altogether different," went on the Mosquito. "When evening comes I soar around through the cool air, and when the folks come to bed I take my time, pick out the Tenderest Spots, and fill myself with warm, rich blood. After which I fly to the ceiling or wall and take a nap. During the day I sit on the ceiling and take in the scenery. Then I sing blythely at my work, also, which makes it much pleasanter."

“That all sounds very nice on Paper,” said the Bedbug, “but some of these fine evenings, when you are singing so blythely, you will get a bang in the ribs with somebody’s hand that weighs about eight pounds and get your singing machinery damaged. I hear them making slaps at you every night. As for your cracked-up scenery, I wouldn’t trade two bites out of a man’s heel for a Carload of it. You spend your leisure at the top of the room where it is hot and smoky, while I have a cool, dark room, and am snug as a bug in a rug. It makes me chuckle when I hear them hunt for me after I have brought home my meat for Supper.”

“Oh, come off. You’re filled up with benzine and bedbug poison, so you wouldn’t know a good job if you had one,” retorted the Mosquito.

“Maybe I wouldn’t. But I know I’d get nervous prostration if I had your job, expecting to get my head bumped against the Wall every minute. I’m not afraid of any bedbug poison that was ever mixed. But when they burn sulphur in the room we’ll both get it in the neck, I reckon,” observed the Bedbug.

That evening the Mosquito was flying around the bed sparring for an opening. “Bill, do you hear that critter?” said a voice.

“Yep,” said Bill drowsily.

“If he comes a little closer I’ll fix him. Here he is now.” Swish! Slap! and the Musical Mosquito lay on the edge of the bed groaning with a broken leg. “What’s the matter, Partner?” said the Bedbug, coming up, “you don’t seem so musical all at once. Did they take a fall out of you?”

“Yes, my leg is broken,” replied the Mosquito with a groan.

“Pshaw! That’s too bad. Wait till I pinch off a piece of steak for supper, and I’ll take you into my house.”

“Bill, there’s Bugs and Skeeters both in this room. I’m going to burn sulphur in here to-morrow.”

“Yep,” returned Bill.

The next day a faint Odor of burning sulphur began to pervade the room.

The Bedbug turned pale at the dreaded fumes. “Mosky, they’ve got us both at last,” he gasped.

The Mosquito dragged itself to the edge of the crack and looked up.

There was a slight opening at the top of the window. “Excuse me, I’m going for help. This is where it pays to be a Mosquito,” and it soared through the opening and down the throat of a pretty Jennie Wren that was waiting outside for something to turn up.

MORAL

No matter how much Pinguitude your Job has there are always drawbacks.

THE DULL THUD AND THE LAUDABLE PUS



A DULL THUD was once walking through the forest when it came to a tired-looking and very much emaciated Stranger sitting in the shade.

“My friend, you are looking poorly. What is your name?” asked the Dull Thud in a sympathizing voice.

“My name is Laudable Pus and I am nearly dead from overwork,” replied the Stranger, in a weak voice, as he poured out a dose of Medicine from a long-necked Bottle.

“Shake, my friend. We are brothers in misery,” said the Dull Thud, extending his right hand and reaching for the bottle with his left.

“I am very glad to meet you, although I do not recall your features,” replied the Laudable Pus.

“Perhaps not. I am a Dull Thud. You see before you the wreck of a once noble manhood. Like you, I almost died from overwork, and my physicians ordered me to retire from active business the rest of my life. The only work I do now is an odd job occasionally.”

“Ah, yes. I remember you now. We used to appear upon the same page. Shake. Have a seat,” replied Laudable Pus, passing the bottle again, and running a sliver in his leg in his haste to slide along.

For hours they sat talking over the good old times like a couple of war vets. "I am glad you came along," remarked Laudable Pus, "I have been wondering what to do and where to go," and he coughed dismally again and took his Medicine with a weary air.

"I, too, have given the matter much thought," mused the Dull Thud, as he sized up the directions "For Taking" upon The Bottle, "and I always arrive at the same conclusion. We are both forgotten by the World and cast aside like an Old Coat. There is but one spot in the country where we can go and be sure of passing the remainder of our days in Peace and Quietude."

Laudable Pus looked inquiringly a moment at his new friend. Then a Great Light broke upon him and a wan, pleased smile lighted up the faded countenance. "Ah, yes. I had forgotten Philadelphia. Let us hie away to that Peaceful Spot while the Medicine holds out." And they arose and ambled on toward their New Home.

MORAL

When the world chases you real hard, and your name is on every tongue, prepare to crawl in a hole and pull the hole in after you.



A DASHING young Grasshopper was ambling unsteadily along the Highway one chilly morning in September. He was dressed in a white waistcoat, plug hat, dancing pumps, gorgeous green necktie, etc. In fact, his *tout ensemble* was originally fine. At present, however, it looked somewhat the worse for wear, his white waistcoat being flecked with numerous stains of tobacco juice, plug hat a little out of Plumb, and necktie around under one ear; while his eyes had that watery, far-away look found only in people who tread the primrose path of Dalliance, when they ought to be pounding their ear in Bed.

Take it all around, he looked pretty tough. But, bless you, he wasn't half knocked out of the box yet. Although cold and hungry he puckered up his lips and tried to whistle and act jolly.

Presently he came to a couple of his companions sitting disconsolately by the roadside.

"You may as well turn back," one of them called out, with a Glum Look. "Every grasshopper at the ball has tried to work the stingy old Ant down here for some breakfast. Can't do a thing with him. He nearly tore the coat tails from young Pewee before he could get away. The old critter just stands at the door with a Stuffed Club and soaks every Grasshopper that shows

up there. Needn't be so afraid of his old grub. I only wanted a bite to brace up my stomach till the sun gets up where it can warm a fellow," and the chilled Hopper tucked his legs a little closer under the body and shivered.

The gay young Lothario slowed up and stopped whistling.

"Well, I swan. Aren't some of you fellows smart enough to work that Old Ant for your breakfast?"

"No. Nor you, either," was the curt reply.

"Pshaw, that's funny. Try any new dodges on him? Work the Soft Pedal, weeping, wringing the hands, etc.?"

The other Hopper shivered with disgust and despair.

"Yes. Tried everything. Bluewing told the old miser that his father was home with a broken leg and not a bite in the house to eat. The Old Jay banged him with a club and told him to go home and break another leg. Goldy fixed up a nice yarn about a sick baby and nothing to feed it, thinking that might fetch him. But it never phased old Stony Heart. Just swiped Goldy under the coat tails and told him to git. In fact we've tried everything. But the old sinner is on to us Good and Plenty. He hasn't any use for a Grasshopper, I can tell you."

"We will have to try some other Dodge, that's all," said the Young Grasshopper thoughtfully. "Those Old Gags won't work any more. I'll go down and see what I can do with him. You and Slim Legs loaf along the road, but keep out of sight."

"You will probably come back with a broken head," was the skeptical remark.

"I'll chance it," and the Jolly Young Grasshopper straightened his necktie, adjusted his hat properly, wiped some of the worst Tobacco stains from his clothes, and started on whistling. But presently he murmured: "If I am going to talk Business, I must look Solemn and Proper," and the Whistle was put away and a nice, wise, calm look brought out.

Arriving at the Old Ant's residence, the Young Grasshopper braced up and tried to look extra thoughtful as he rapped on the door. A sharp-eyed, comfortably fed Old Ant came to the door, with a Club in one hand, and eyed the Young Grasshopper sharply over his Specs.

"Good-morning, Mr. Ant. Lovely weather," and the Young Grasshopper bowed politely and rubbed his hands.

"I know what you want," said the Old Ant severely. "You are the twenty-eighth Grasshopper that has tried to work me for his breakfast this morning. But it don't go. So skip before I give you a big kick in the neck," and he raised the club.

The Young Grasshopper smiled sorrowfully.

"You have a rather poor opinion of us, I see."

"Yes. You're a lot of worthless beggars," and the Ant started to close the door. The Young Grasshopper, however, deftly interposed his foot, and remarked calmly through the crack:

"Hold on a bit. I want to talk to you. I'm not begging. I have a business Proposition that will make you the richest Ant in the Country."

The idea of a Grasshopper talking business so aston-

ished the Old Ant that he opened the door again and the Grasshopper walked in. The latter pulled out pencil and paper and remarked:

“Sit down here and I’ll show you the biggest thing you ever heard of.” The Old Ant, wonderingly, complied, and his Visitor continued:

“You see, the Grasshoppers can’t save anything and you can. Now, what is the matter with making a contract with them to bring you a certain amount of food every day, all summer, then when it gets cold in the fall you can dole it out to them a little at a time, charging them a good interest, of course. It will be a snap for both sides. You won’t have to work so hard and will have your cellar and warehouses full of grain. Of course they won’t eat half of what they’ll gather,” and the Young Grasshopper went on unfolding the beauties of the scheme until he had the avaricious Old Ant’s greedy eyes fairly dancing with the thoughts of Future Wealth.

They hobnobbed together a long time and the greatly pleased Ant brought out a generous lunch for the Young Promoter, and when the interview was over, filled the latter’s pockets and told him to call again so they could arrange the Deal for the next year.

The Young Promoter finally got away loaded to the guards with food, and as he went up the road, looking for his friends, hummed softly:

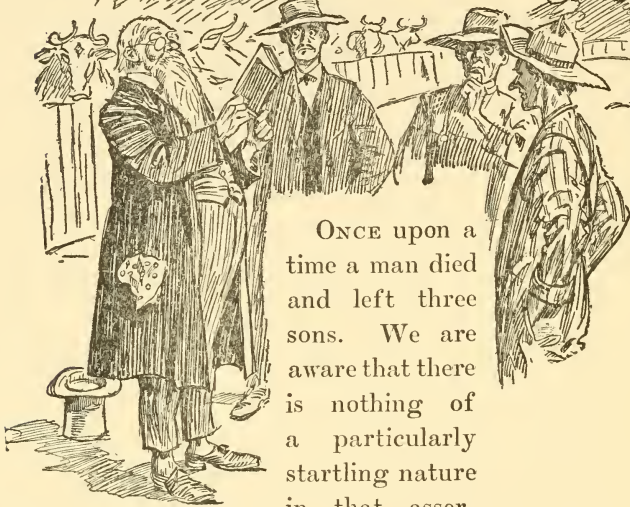
“Oh, I don’t know: You’re not so Warm,
There’s other Coons as warm as you.”

While the Avaricious Old Ant danced a Can-Can, in his glee over the thoughts of a new gold mine.

MORAL.

When it comes to slinging hot air, a promoter can make four cents' worth of matches show up like a blast furnace.

THE WISE OLD JUDGE and the SEVENTEEN BRINDLE STEERS



ONCE upon a time a man died and left three sons. We are aware that there is nothing of a particularly startling nature in that asser-

tion, as it was the custom of the country to leave sons.

The strange part of it came in, however, when it was found that the man left some Tangible Assets after his debts were paid. Said Assets consisting of 17 Brindle Steers in fair flesh.

Immediately the last spadeful of earth was spanked down over the old gentleman's remains the three boys began figuring how to divide the 17 Brindle Steers.

Jim, the oldest boy, was pretty shrewd. He wanted to get all of the Brindle Steers possible out of the deal, so he quietly consulted an Old Judge with long white Whiskers and a wise look, and that Astute Party at once

fell in with Jim's scheme—for a consideration, of course—and promised the enterprising youth that he should have Brindle Steers to throw at the birds.

Jim went home feeling pretty middling and jollied the other two boys into accepting the Old Judge as referee, while the O. J. scratched around in his head and library for a Precedent. We will remark here, *en passant*, that Law without a Precedent would be the same as Hamlet with the melancholy Dane left on the side track. In fact there is no such thing as Law without a Precedent.

The O. J. took two days for it and went through every Law book from cellar to garret. Then he began on school books of the Post Pliocene Period. Finally in an old forgotten school reader he ran across just the dope he wanted. It was a story for good little boys, of how a wise Old Judge over in Asia somewhere had decided a case almost exactly similar, and secured the Lion's share for the Eldest without a kick from the other two.

Here was a Precedent, and the O. J. felt richer by at least Two Brindle Steers. In fact he was so tickled he at once got outside of a copious libation of Corn Juice.

It seems, in the original story, a man had died leaving three sons. After the obsequies the boys found, upon looking around, that 17 horses comprised the entire assets.

The youths were reverent, thick-headed numbskulls, like all Oriental youths, and of course they at once hunted up a long-whiskered old monument of Wisdom and told him to go ahead and do the Divide Act.

The wise old Fossil placed his own horse alongside Of the 17, making 18 in all. Then he remarked:

“Boys, here are 18 horses. The oldest gets one-half, which is 9. The next oldest gets two-thirds of the balance, which is 6. And now I’ll just take my animal away, and the youngest takes everything that’s left, which, in this case, is 2. Are you all satisfied?”

“We are, O. Judge,” replied the eldest boy, promptly.

History fails to record the remarks made by the boy who only got two nags, but, as youngest children didn’t count for much in that country, the chances are that he was tickled to get two out of the drove. At least there is no record that he kicked on the Deal.

The Old Judge hunted up Jim, told him the scheme, and drilled him in the way he should act.

The scheme was such a beautiful one, backed up by such an Invincible Precedent, a bit of respectable appearing Wisdom right from the Middle Ages, that Jim and the Judge chuckled over it and took Nips until both were Oreide.

They slept it off and then the O. J. cleaned himself up, shaved and threw in a Couple of Bromos, when he was just as Wise and Ready as ever. They got the boys together and rounded up the 17 Brindle Steers and another steer that the O. J. borrowed for the occasion. Then the Wise Judge got out his old reader, and, donning his specs, read the Beautiful Story to the Boys, while tears big as burr oak acorns rolled off the end of his nose.

At the conclusion of the story the Old Judge mopped off the auburn end of his nasal promontory, let his

hand conveniently shake a little, made a few other grand stand plays, and said:

“And now, my dear children, I propose to divide these animals in the same way that this wise, historic and almost inspired Judge did. You, Jim, cut out your nine Steers, and you, Tom, take six, and Dave, the youngest, gets the two that is left after I take away the Borrowed Steer. Are you satisfied?”

“You bet. Er—I mean, we are, O. Judge,” said Jim, getting a little mixed on his Lines.

But Dave was pretty hot and jerked out:

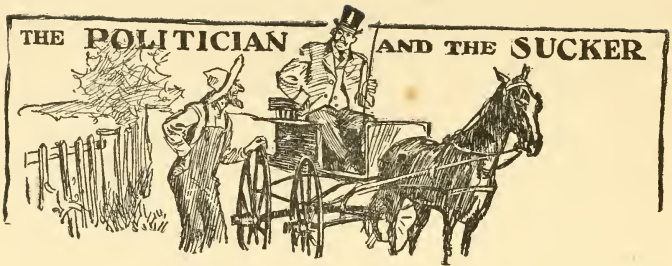
“Not by a darned sight, we ain’t, O. Judge. I’m onto you and Jim. We’ll just go to law about it, and let Jim squander some of his Brindle Steers Lawing it.”

The Wise Old Judge rolled his eyes around and tried to look hurt and astonished, but it wouldn’t work.

So they went to law about it and kept it up until the 17 Brindle Steers had Evaporated, and each of the boys had to hoe corn a year for the lawyers.

MORAL

Don’t go to law over an estate if you can get a plug of tobacco and a cotton undershirt out of the deal without doing so.



A WELL-DRESSED Politician was riding along in a fine carriage one beautiful autumn day. The quail whistled merrily upon the rail fence, and the squirrel was busy sorting over his hickory nuts, while the brilliant colored leaves rustled and whispered in the soft breeze. A bountiful harvest was being gathered and the song of the farmer was heard in the land.

But the Politician was not bothering his head about Landscapes or Harvests, for it was only six weeks until Election, and he knew he needed every vote he could scrape up to avoid being Snowed Under and thereby losing a fat Office. Consequently he was hustling around among the farmers and other Unsuspecting People.

Soon he espied a lumber wagon coming jolting along in the dust, and straightway he began fumbling in his upper vest pocket.

"That looks like Old Bill Thompson. Yes, sir, it's Bill, sure. I must get solid with him. He's influential around here, if he is an old Moss-Back. Where the Dickens are those Two-fers? I can't waste good cigars on him. He doesn't know any more about cigars than a Kentucky Colonel does about water. Ah, here they are.

Good-morning, Mr. Thompson. Fine day. Have a Cigar. These are splendid smokers. Spanking fine team you have there. Sleek as moles. But then you have the best of everything. I often tell my wife if we were fixed as you are I'd be perfectly happy. How's little Jethro? Didn't he have a bad spell while ago? Wife and I intended much as could be to come out and see him, but I was so busy."

"Yas, he had quite a bad spell, but Doc Slowboy fetched him out all right," and the Old Farmer looked pleased and grateful.

"That's good. Rest of the family all right, I suppose?"

"Yas; 'ceptin' mother. She's had a hackin' cough lately."

"Is that so? Well, say, first time you're in town come to my house and wife'll give you a cough medicine that'll knock it in no time. Don't forget, now. 'Cause we think everything of your wife."

When he had sized up the whole family the Politician edged around to business and soon had the Old Farmer all Balled Up on the Election.

He gave the Old Chap the Smooth Article in proper shape and soon had everything coming his way. The Old Farmer felt that at last he had found a friend; somebody who really cared for him. Of course he naturally felt interested in his friend's success, and made up his mind to give him a Boost out in the country. So he dropped his work and went to Electioneering. He drove all around the country exhorting and arguing with his neighbors. Made sixteen life-long enemies; got into

four fights, getting licked four times; foundered two of his best horses and gave another one the colic in his zeal. He neglected his Fall work and the late rains ruined half of his Crops because he was too busy Electioneering to get them in out of the wet.

Owing to the efforts of this Old Sucker, coupled with the efforts of other Simple-Minded People, the Politician was elected.

Then the Old Farmer was filled to the top of his sun-burnt neck with a wild, jubilant joy. He danced a country edition of the Can-can; gave the hired man a five-dollar-bill and a vacation to go on a Bender; hugged the hired girl, thereby getting a lump raised on his head with the mop; nearly scared the dog into a fit, and had a general good time. He even promised his wife a new calico dress, which amply proves that his breast was a wild, surging turmoil of unalloyed happiness. His bosom friend, the Politician, had been elected by his efforts. Hoop la! Sick 'im, Towser!

The Old Farmer stood at the gate all day eagerly watching the road, for he expected any minute to have a foam-flecked Livery Horse dash up and have the rider hand him a message to come and rest his head upon the Politician's Bosom. But the foam-flecked Livery Horse didn't show up worth a cent. The next day the Old Farmer went to town, and upon seeing the Politician ran to meet him, stubbing his toe and getting the nose-bleed in his haste to get his dear friend in his arms.

But that astute, well-dressed gentleman was elected now, and didn't have to hand out a Line of Talk to every old Jay he met. He even omitted his customary

query after the family health. He shook hands in a Flabby Way and took a Quiet Sneak soon as possible.

Then the Old Farmer saw that he had been Bamboozled again and went home and jawed the hired man and kicked the dog in the ear.

MORAL

People who will let 'em work the con racket twice are deficient in gray matter and couldn't use a moral. Others don't need one.

HOW THE ANIMALS CHOSE THEIR KING



ONCE upon a time the Animals of the Forest held a Convention to elect a King. After considerable jangling and wire-pulling among the different factions, the Monkey was made Chairman; partly on account of his Wise, Grave appearance, and partly because each faction thought they could use him to further their own Ends.

After the Convention had been called to order the different animals began to put forth their claims to royalty. But after a number of delegates had voiced their ideas the Chairman got dead Wise to his Job. He got next to the fact that he was "It," and had the Convention by the bosom of its pants. Thereafter he refused to recognize any delegate but a Monkey.

So adroitly did he manage it that he was about to have The Monkey declared King, when the other delegates tumbled to the fact that they were being Hornswoggled. At that critical juncture a Lion, sitting in the front row, sprang forward and in less time than it takes to tell it made a hasty meal of the Succulent Chairman, thereby ending his personal claims to Royalty. As he swallowed the last hind leg, the Lion remarked gravely:

"I move we place the Gazelle in the Chair. Then we shall all get fair play."

"Oh, come off. The Gazelle would make a lovely Chairman, wouldn't he?" shouted a Raccoon from the back seats.

"You close your face or you will make somebody a lovely lunch," retorted the Lion sharply.

No other delegate objecting, the trembling Gazelle was led forward and placed in the Chair just vacated by the Monkey. But it was soon obvious that the Lion now bossed the Convention, as the new Chairman looked to him as he would to a superior officer, and never made a decision unless it favored the Lion.

Shortly after, the Tiger, becoming enraged at some ruling by the Chair, leaped forward and ate up the Gazelle. Then, of course, another Presiding Officer had to be found.

"I move we put somebody in the Chair that you big duffers can't eat," shouted the Raccoon.

"Good idea. What's the matter with the Porcupine?" cried the Coyote.

"The Porcupine certainly has lots of Good Points," remarked the Fox.

"Fellow delegates, I move we kill the last speaker and pro-rate his remains. Such levity is entirely out of place in a grave, deliberative body of this kind," said the Panther.

To this suggestion the delegates heartily agreed, although the Fox was rather small and barely furnished a bite for each delegate.

After this episode the Woodchuck was placed in the Chair and the work of the Convention proceeded once more.

Some of the stronger delegates, however, soon objected to his rulings, and he went the way of his predecessors.

This was kept up until a number of Chairmen had been disposed of.

"Gentlemen, we evidently made a serious mistake in calling this Convention to order before dinner," remarked the Raccoon, after the seventh occupant of the Chair had disappeared.

"Never mind. If we keep on, half of us will have had our dinners, and the other half won't need it," said the Possum.

"I consider that last remark as a personal affront," said the Tiger, who had eaten two of the previous Chairmen, and therefore felt somewhat tender on that point. He then made a break for the Possum, but that astute party hastily shinned up a tree and out on a limb, where he hung by the tail and guyed the Convention.

"It seems to me that our deliberations are not as harmonious as they should be," remarked the Lion, winking at the Grizzily Bear.

"You haven't any kick coming. Things are going your way," called down the Possum.

"I believe this Convention is packed," shouted a delegate.

"I know of seven members that have been thoroughly packed, to my knowledge," remarked another.

"Fellow delegates," said the Raccoon, arising and looking warily at the Tiger, "I think we should certainly place some one in the Chair who has strength enough to protect himself."

"Make the Skunk Chairman," called down the Possum.

The Skunk, hearing his name called, waddled up toward the Speaker's Stand. The other delegates hastily gave him a wide berth, and his near approach created such an excitement that it ended in a general fight, which raged furiously.

When the carnage was over, every delegate lay dead on the field or had made his escape, except the Lion and the Panther.

These two animals eyed each other a moment, then the Panther said anxiously:

"Let's divide the tie."

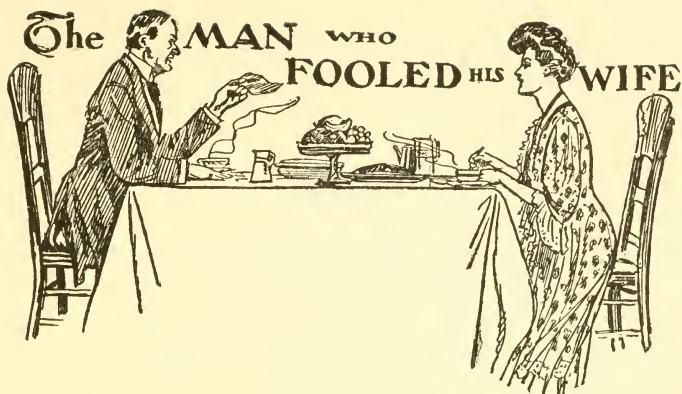
But the Lion smiled blandly, and replied:

"Not to-day, my son. I have a Hunch that I am the better man. This isn't a tie. It's a cinch," and he made a quick meal of the other survivor.

"How unfortunate for them that they could not all have agreed with me! As it is, I shall be obliged to declare myself King," murmured the Lion, licking his chops complaisantly.

MORAL

Don't try to umpire a game among strangers unless you have the muscle to back your decisions.



ONCE there lived a Man who flourished under the patronymic of Racer—Mr. William Racer. He was large and bright and very good-natured, and the Boys all liked him. He was a Jolly Loser and consequently in great demand at poker games. Mr. Racer owned one of the Nicest Little Wives. They were greatly Attached to each other by a Marriage Certificate, but they got along very happily. Mr. Racer was not bothered by Wifey trying to get Next to his Midnight Sessions with the Boys, so he liked her first rate.

One morning at the breakfast table, Mrs. Racer remarked:

“Weren’t you out rather late last night, William?”

“I expect it was a little late when I came in, Mary, but you know business men cannot always go home when they wish. For instance, last night we had an important Meeting in which many Matters pertaining to Business were Discussed,” replied William in a frank, honest way.

"You business men use the queerest expressions," remarked Wifey, as she buttered another buckwheat cake.

"I suppose many of them do sound queer to you women folks," said William, patronizingly, his mind reverting to "puts," "calls," "selling short," etc.

"You have been talking in your sleep lately and that is how I came to hear the odd expressions I referred to."

"What did I say, Mary?" inquired William, passing his coffee cup.

"Oh, I don't remember half of them. You talked about somebody having a 'Flush,' I remember that."

Mr. Racer cast a sharp glance at his better half, but her face was Child-like and Bland, so his suspicions were at once disarmed.

"Ha, ha," he laughed rather boisterously, "did I say that? You know Tom Morley and what a red face he has all of the time. Well, when he gets up to talk before a Meeting, his face flushes redder than ever, and the rest of us all tease him about having such a flush on his face."

"And you said something about 'seeing' somebody's 'Bluff,'" observed wifey, passing her plate for more beefsteak.

William laughed good-naturedly. He saw that she was Groping in the Dark and he was at his ease.

"That was J. T. Brown. He has a claim out at Cripple Creek on a bluff and he is always at us to go out and see his Bluff. Thinks he can sell it to us."

"And what did you mean by 'Pat Straight'?" inquired Mrs. Racer.

Mr. Racer smiled and said:

"Dan Grimes has a friend visiting him by the name of Patrick Straight. He is a jolly fellow, and of course the boys all call him Pat soon as they get acquainted."

"You kept muttering something about 'Jack Pot.' Is that a man's name, too?"

"Yes. He is a travelling man that the boys got acquainted with. Nice fellow, too. His full name is John T. Potts, but his friends all call him Jack," remarked Mr. Racer, arising and looking at his watch.

"Goodness! It's nearly half-past eight. I must get down to the office. Anything you want, Mary?"

"Yes, William. I wish you would let me have five dollars."

Mr. Racer looked surprised. "Why, Mary, I gave you five only a day or two ago. But of course it's all right. I know you spend it economically. Here it is. Good-bye."

"Thank you, William. I will make it go as far as possible. By the way, bring Mr. Straight and Mr. Potts up to dinner with you, sometime."

"I will. I've been going to ask you for some time if I couldn't. They are both rattling good fellows," and Mr. Racer departed with a gentle twinkle in his eye.

As he walked down town he chuckled to himself:

"By George, I got out of that easy. I must tell the boys, sure. It's a shame, though, to lie to a poor woman that way. And she never suspected a thing. Oh, well, we have to do it."

That afternoon Mrs. Racer called on her chum Mrs. Rosemond. After the greetings were over Mrs. Racer asked:

"Will there be enough for a quorum to-day?"

"I guess so," answered her hostess. "May Chelton and Mrs. Furth will be here and I rather expect Susie Troy."

"Good," cried Mrs. Racer, "I hope Susie comes. I've got it in for her for blowing me out of that big jack pot with a pair of fours last Wednesday. She's a pretty smooth poker player, Susie is, but I'll get even with her, sure as my name is Mollie Racer."

"Well, you will soon have an opportunity. Here come all three of them," her hostess remarked.

When they were seated around the table counting out the chips, Mrs. Racer said:

"Girls, I had more than a bushel of fun this morning."

"What was that— Hold on, Susie. Give me more Reds and less Blues. That's better. Now, what about That fun, Mollie?" and Mrs. Furth leaned back in her chair expectantly.

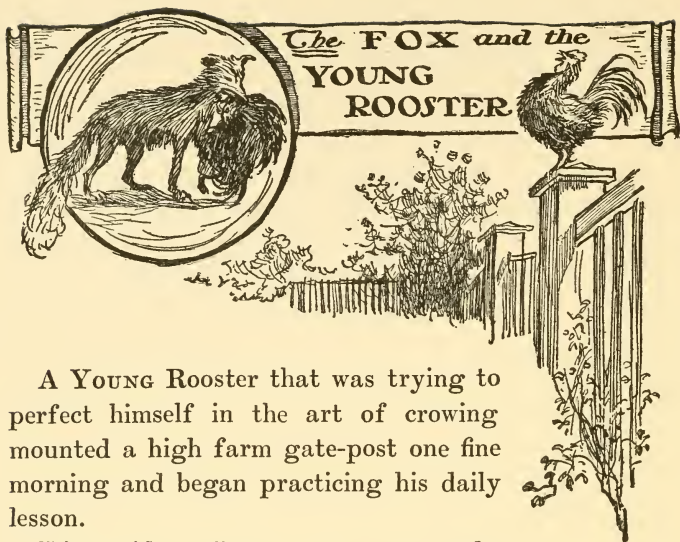
"Why, I told William this morning that he had been talking in his sleep lately. Of course he wanted to know what he said, so I worked off a lot of poker expressions on him, and, say, it would have done your hearts good to hear that Bald-Headed Old Liar explain what was meant by a 'Flush,' and who 'Pat Straight' and 'Jack Potts' were. Honestly, I felt proud of him, for his nerve and ready wit."

A burst of feminine laughter greeted this bit of pleasantry, and Mrs. Racer continued: "Of course I swallowed the whole thing, and he was so glad to get out of the corner in good shape that I had no trouble in work-

ing him for a V to get into the game this afternoon.
Whose ante is it? ”

MORAL

When it comes to fine work, my son, you are back of
the flag.



A YOUNG Rooster that was trying to perfect himself in the art of crowing mounted a high farm gate-post one fine morning and began practicing his daily lesson.

His maiden efforts were very crude. In fact, they were heartrending. He didn't seem to be able to get out more than half of the crow, causing the listener to unconsciously feel for a corkscrew to help pull out the other half.



Nevertheless the Young Rooster was proud of his little sawed-off Crow, as a boy is of his first striped sweater.

A shrewd Old Fox chanced to be skirmishing around, looking for something to fill an aching void, and he espied the vain young fowl. He had heard roosters crow before, and he knew this chap was a young, Tender, Foolish one.

“Gee Whittaker. I would almost give half of my brush to set my teeth into that fellow. Wonder what the show is to get him?” murmured the Fox as he loafed up to the high gate-post.

The Young Rooster glanced down and saw his visitor.

“Hello. Who are you and where did you come from?” he inquired loftily.

“Me. Oh, I’m an imported calf from the Sandwich Islands. I live over on the next farm. I heard such beautiful Crowing that I came over to see what kind of a rooster was doing it. We don’t hear anything like that in my country,” replied the Fox affably.

“Do you really think it is good?” asked the Young Rooster eagerly.

“Upon my word it is the sweetest piece of Crowing I ever listened to,” replied the Fox solemnly, squatting down on his Haunches, while his mouth Watered.

The Young Rooster was tickled all over and at once Exhaled another Little Gurgle.

“By George. That was just beautiful. Give us another just like it,” said the Fox, doing his best to keep a straight face.

The vain Young Rooster ground out another choked-off crow.

“You are just simply the Best Ever,” remarked the Fox, swallowing a Giggle.

“I told them I could Crow, but they said I couldn’t, and made me come out here to practice. It’s a shame,” and the Young Rooster looked very much hurt.

“Oh, well, they’re not in your class, and wouldn’t

appreciate your music. I do. Just give us another.”

The Fox jollied up the Young Rooster some more and kept him crowing until the simple-minded fowl fell off the gate-post from sheer exhaustion.

“It seems like a pity to eat him, he was so easy. But I suppose the sooner such blamed fools are dead the better,” murmured the Fox, taking the vain Young Rooster tenderly by the neck and trotting home with him.

MORAL

When they jolly you up for the whole cheese lean up against something and think.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE ANT

A RED Ant one hot summer day was dragging a big, greasy, Maroon-Colored Worm up the slope of a little Hill that was used as a garden patch. A Man happened to be standing around on one leg, leaning on a hoe, and observing with conflicting emotions the ease with which the weeds outstripped the vegetables, and, being a Philosopher, he was naturally interested in the Red Ant. He had mutilated an area of weeds the size of a doily and was, therefore, fatigued. So lighting his pipe he sat down on a summer squash to observe how the insect, which he had been taught was the concentrated essence of wisdom, performed its task. The Red Ant dug its claws in the ears of the Maroon-Colored Worm and started backward up the hill. Soon it ran bang up against a cucumber big as a nubbin of corn, and without looking around to see what the obstruction was, or how big, walked up over the cucumber backward, dragging the Maroon-Colored Worm after, tumbled down the other side, jumped up, and, grabbing its prey by the bellyband, started up the hill again.

Pretty soon the Red Ant came to a depression made by the Philosopher's No. 10 boot heel in coming down hill. Instead of veering half an inch to go around the depression, the Industrious Insect backed into the hole

on the shallow side, and soon bumped up against a sheer three-inch wall. Without turning its head to investigate, the Red Ant backed up the wall, laboriously pulling the Maroon-Colored Worm along.

Just at the top one of the worm's ribs broke, causing the Ant to loosen its hold, and the Maroon-Colored Worm plunked back into the hole. Then, of course, the Ant had to chase down the wall and hook onto its prey again. After six or seven attempts the Red Ant succeeded in getting its victim out of the hole and paused to rest a moment. It was panting and sweating like a Bay Steer in Fly Time, and appeared to be almost exhausted.

"My friend," observed the Philosopher, "you have taught me a lesson to-day that I shall not soon forget."

"Is that so?" said the Red Ant, kicking a June Bug in the ear that stood in its way, and taking a seat on a prostrate stalk of blue-grass, where it fanned its perspiring features vigorously with a bit of leaf.

"Yes, that is so. All my life I have been reading about the long-headed wisdom and sagacity of the Ant. You know more than anybody."

"We *are* pretty middling shrewd. I guess we can give Cards and Spades to most any of them," replied the Red Ant complaisantly, wiping a drop of perspiration or something from its nose with a bit of cucumber leaf and keeping one eye on the Maroon-Colored Worm.

"You couldn't give Cards and Spades to a dead angleworm," snorted the Philosopher, irritated at the Red Ant's bigotry; "you don't know enough to pound sand in a rat hole. The idea of Lunkheads like you

posing as Monuments of Wisdom," and the Philosopher blew out a hatful of smoke.

"What's the matter now. What are you ripping me up the back for?" said the Red Ant, ruffling up.

"Matter enough. I have been watching you come up the hill with that Old Worm. You make me tired."

"Well, didn't I bring it all right?" asked the Ant.

"Yes, you brought it—after a fashion," replied the Philosopher curtly.

"Then what are you kicking about?" said the Red Ant indignantly.

"I am kicking at the methods you employ. You worked twice as hard in getting that Worm up here as you had any need to. For instance, why did you pull such a heavy load up over that big cucumber instead of going a few inches around on level ground?"

"Because I was going backwards and have no eyes in my hind legs," replied the Red Ant briefly.

"And why did you drag such a heavy worm into that hole and then climb this steep wall when you could have gone around and had a good road and easy sledding?"

"Same reason that I climbed the cucumber."

"All that extra work shows that you lack brains. Had you stopped and figured a moment you might have done it much easier."

"But didn't I get here with the Worm?" persisted the Red Ant.

"Yes; but, you simpleton, see how much easier you might have performed your task if you had used some brains," replied the Philosopher, puffing away in disgust at the Red Ant's lack of perception.

"Then, according to your Philosophy, brains consists in doing work the easiest way. Is that right?" queried the Red Ant, squinting up at the Philosopher.

"To a certain extent, yes," admitted the Philosopher, looking somewhat annoyed as he crossed his legs.

"I still fail to see the use of brains if I can get my grub home without them," said the Red Ant, stretching its legs preparatory to resuming its labors.

"Oh, well, what's the use Of arguing with an ignorant critter like you, anyhow. I might have known better. The Philosopher swelled with Pride and Vanity as he looked down at the Red Ant. We are Lords of Creation," he went on, "because we have brains and do our work the easiest way. We rule the world," and he grew Chesty. "At our command, stately ships plough the sea and go to far-away lands in search of luxuries for us. Magnificent trains dash across the continent on the wings of the wind. We travel in luxury. We revel in luxury. We eat the choicest things of earth. We dress in purple and fine linen, and costly jewels flash from our person. The world is our servant. Why? Because we have brains," and the Philosopher grew another inch.

The Red Ant scratched its ear and gazed up at the Philosopher with considerable awe.

"Gosh, I didn't know that."

"That's the size of the proposition," replied the Philosopher. Then he raised his arm impressively, while his Chest swelled out like a Pouter Pigeon in spring. "Do you see that great Brick House? That's where I live."

"Is it possible that just one Man has such a large,

fine home. You must be very wise and shrewd. Why do you work at all when you have so many brains?" asked the Red Ant in astonishment.

"Oh, I have to work some for my health," replied the Philosopher, arising and looking around cautiously.

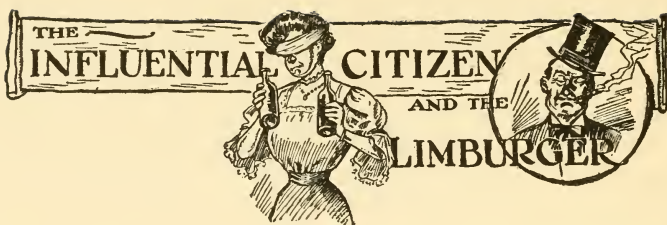
Just then a voice bawled out:

"Jones, you lazy old rat, git to work. When we took you in the Poorhouse, we told you that you'd have to work, an' you got to, long's I'm Overseer. The minute I git out o' sight you begin to soldier. That's got to be stopped. Now you git a move on you."

"Is this a Poorhouse? Are you——?" But the Philosopher turned his back in a grouchy way and began pecking gingerly at the weeds, while the Red Ant, after contemplating him a moment, took a half-Nelson on the Maroon-Colored Worm and started up the hill again.

MORAL

When four-flushing be careful that no one sees your hand. They may give it away.



AN Influential, Highly-Respected Citizen was once taking a stroll in the outskirts of the city, one of the objects of said stroll being to eliminate a moderate sized Jag which had accumulated in his system.

As the I. H. R. C. had been steeped in Jags for many years, his nasal protuberance was a lovely crimson, and the size of a fall turnip. It was also considerably listed to port, owing to a misunderstanding with a contemporary in previous years. The I. H. R. C. was not a very handsome beast, but he was fat, and as he was regularly re-elected Alderman of his Ward, he was, of course, Influential and Highly Respected.

He also donated liberally to the various churches and put up the dough for a beautifully upholstered pew, which, of course, made him a very Moral Man.

He rambled along smoking a strong, rank cigar, and presently came to a Bunch of Limberger roosting on a board. Limburger Cheese isn't Attar of Roses and doesn't claim to be. In fact, its odor is not appreciated at all by delicate nostrils. The I. H. R. C. wanted to let on that he was very dainty in his tastes, so he let a roar out of him the first thing.

"Whew! It's an outrage on the community to allow such a vile-smelling thing to be manufactured. Go

crawl under a haystack somewhere and give us a rest," and he tried to turn up the expansive excrescence that stood for a nose.

The Limburger caught a whiff of the I. H. R. C., and growled:

"Go chase your face. If I poisoned the air as you do, I'd quit business."

"Oh, come off. You're talking through your hat. You wouldn't know a nice odor if you smelled it. Nobody ever complains of me," and the I. H. R. C. grew Chesty with indignation.

"Just the same, I'll bet you Twenty Plunks that if we could get your wife here blindfolded, she would say you smell worse than I do."

"That's a good bet if I lose. For she never complains of me. How can we fix it?" replied the I. H. R. C. eagerly, scenting some easy money.

Just then Vulcan appeared and asked:

"What is the Rag-Chewing about?"

The situation was explained to him, and he at once caused the I. H. R. C.'s wife to appear upon the scene blindfolded.

Vulcan explained that he wished her to pass judgment upon Two Odors, and, bottling up some of each, the odor that exuded from the I. H. R. C. was handed her.

The woman took a sniff and gagged a little. "It smells almost exactly like John, only not quite so strong." She breathed the other perfume gratefully. "Dear me, that's nice. It has an odd smell, but it is so delightful after smelling the other. Wish I had some of

it in the house to sweeten the air after John comes home."

Then the I. H. R. C. sneaked away and threw in Three more Geysers.

MORAL

Speaking of smells. The average married woman has the long haul, with no equalization.

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